FINEST OF ALL CHRISTMAS NUMBERS

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 7. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 19, 1908. ONE PENNY.

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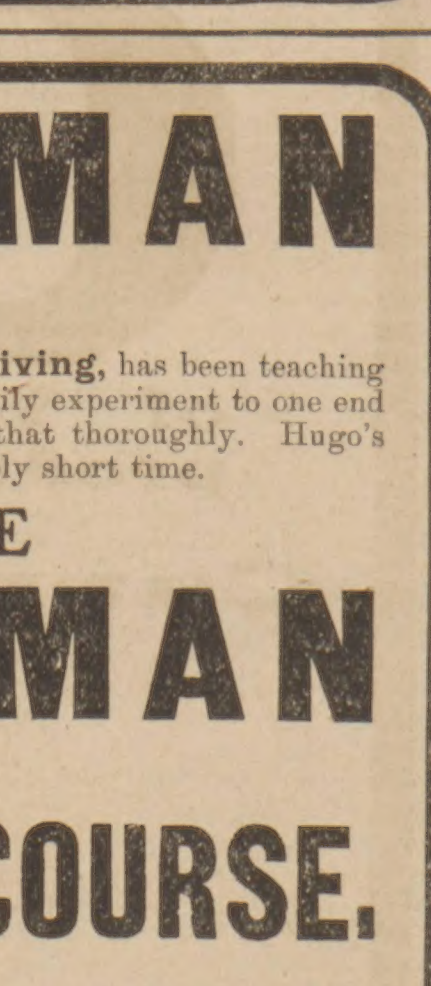

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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No. 7. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 19TH, 1908. ONE PENNY.

SNOBS AND BOUNDERS.

SOME SUBTLE DISTINCTIONS.

They are not in any sense to be confused. The one is a class distinct and easily recognised, the other is hard to distinguish.

The bounder rejoices in making himself personally conspicuous.

He is very fond of walking without a hat. High collars appeal irresistibly to him. His walking stick is lavishly adorned with silver mountings

But it is in his manner that you see him at his best—or worst. He is supremely intolerant; those beneath him in point of wealth are cads, those far above him are brainless noodles. He, and he alone, is the perfect man, the whole embodiment of what is smart and worthy.

He is it.

We have bounders in every class. The Socialist with his red tie and his love of flannel, often unwashed, is a bounder of the worst description. Like the citizen of the French revolution, he hopes to make all people adherents to his views by persuading them to wear his badge.

Not very long ago Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., was invited to a Labour dinner party. He shocked his fellow guests by turning up in what one of them described as "a great white shirt front."

Had he refrained from washing for a few days, had he even applied his fingers to the kitchen range, they would have called him a son of toil.

The snob, unlike the bounder, may be perfectly quiet and unobtrusive.

A dear old lady of my acquaintance treasures a tea-service which was presented to her by the late Queen. Most of the cups and saucers of the original set have been broken and replaced, but you never take tea with her without being reminded who gave her the service.

Soldiers are notoriously snobbish in one respect. They honour an officer drawn from a social rank above their own, but they refuse to reverence him who was once a ranker like themselves, no matter how clever they may know him to be.

It is this more than anything else that has made the experiment of elevating men from the ranks an absolute failure. The officers themselves, being mostly gentlemen, are ready to accept the ranker who has risen to be one of them, and are willing to treat him in all respects as an equal.

From them he receives never a snub, never a hint that he is a member of a different social class; but the men do not allow him to forget it for a single moment.

Snobbishness exists in other things as well as in social distinctions.

You find it in its worse form amongst the half-educated. They flourish their little learning, by references to books, and by inapt quotations, just as the more usual type of snob refers to his titled acquaintances and his lengthy lineage.

DAVID COOPER.

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EARNING WHAT I GET.

Money, only get the money! Nothing's low
or mean or vile,
That's what certain people tell you, if you only
get your pile.
Any way to grab the profits; never mind the
golden rule;
If you turn from tainted money they'll regard
you as a fool.
Well, perhaps I am old-fashioned; I have got
no fortune yet;
I'm a poor man, I acknowledge—but I'm
earning what I get.
There's old Smith our wealthy neighbour; now
it turns out that he
Got his fingers soiled while trying to pile up
the £ S. D.
Took the money of poor orphans, and of widow
women too.
Why, the jobs that he has tackled common
thieves would hardly do!
Yes, he's always looked down on me, and
perhaps he does so yet,
For I haven't got much money—but I'm
earning what I get.

PATRICK DONNELLY.

CRACKER CAPS.

At every Christmas gathering there is a certain amount of stiffness at the beginning, because it is impossible to bring together half-a-dozen people who really like each other.

Uncle George recalls the fact that gran'pa did not approve of him as a son-in-law; Aunt Jane has views on child-rearing diametrically opposed to those held by Aunt Eliza; and so on.

There are little differences that make the attainment of complete harmony difficult.

Dinner does not provide the remedy. It warms and comforts the inner man, but he knows that he looks very ugly while eating it, and so he does not allow himself to unbend.

Then come the crackers and their caps. Some don't want to put on a cap; they hold out till the last, but at length everybody has one on, and nobody can possibly look dignified. When the caps are on there is a quick unbending, heart goes out to heart, grievances and jealousies are forgotten, and the spirit of Christmas is realised to the full.

A HINT TO EMPLOYERS.

The custom of employers giving their men substantial Christmas presents is rapidly growing, but there are still some firms who have made no move towards its adoption. They are standing in their own light.

A certain London firm presents every employee with a week's extra salary before the place closes for the Christmas holidays; the manager with his £40 a week finds his envelope contains just twice that sum, and the office boys feel like millionaires.

The good feeling is mutual, for the staff send round the hat and make handsome presents to the directors. This firm gives away over £400 in these presents, but the sum is well spent.

OLD TIME WINTERS.

SHALL WE HAVE A REPETITION?

Frost and snow are picturesque enough, but they have their drawbacks. Most of my readers will recall the trenches that gaped in front of every house in March, 1895, when the pipes had to be thawed by having hot water pumped into them.

The snowfall was comparatively slight, and most of the interesting happenings were due to the frost. Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*, had the unique experience of being frozen fast in Portsmouth harbour, and of being visited by sight-seers who came to it across the ice.

We have to go back to the winter of 1880-81 to find a parallel. Following a heavy fall of snow there came a stiff wind, and the railway cuttings were rapidly filled.

The line beside Perth was impassable for six weeks, and on several occasions in various parts of the country the passengers had to remain for a day and a night in their carriages before a passage could be dug to them through the packed snow. Whole trainloads of cattle perished with cold and hunger.

In 1866 snow and frost suddenly came upon the country, and the temperature in London fell to zero. Men at that time were wearing beards, and their breath congealed and hung from them in icicles.

Most of the shops closed for want of customers, but a few still kept open but failed even with blazing fires to dislodge the frost pictures from their windows. There was no slush, for the snow froze even as it was trampled down by the traffic; the practice of melting it with salt had not then been adopted.

The Thames was frozen in 1855, and foot passengers went from one side to the other beneath London Bridge. There were ice floes all round the coast, and some adventurous spirits put off in boats from Dover and landed upon one of these floating islands.

The winter of 1838 is memorable for the complete dislocation of the coach services, the roads being blocked with snow in some places twenty feet deep. The coach from Cambridge to London stuck fast in such a drift and had to be pulled out by fourteen horses.

In 1827 the whole island was a waste of white, all traffic being stopped, and much privation being felt owing to the difficulty of getting food supplies. In 1820 things were even worse. In Scotland there was a depth of over six feet on level ground, and, where the snow had blown, only the tips of the chimneys could be seen.

1814 saw the Thames ice-bound, and the weight of snow was so great that the roofs of many of the older houses collapsed. All but a few streets were impassable to wheeled traffic, and coal rose to nearly £3 a ton.

If we go back further the records become unreliable, but it is asserted that in 1683 ink froze on the pens, and that shortly after the Norman Conquest the houses were so long snow-bound that the people, mad with hunger, took to cannibalism.

E. FOWLER.

The Ploughing Match

AN OPEN-AIR SKETCH.

There has been some frost over night—not enough to harden the ground and make the ploughing match impossible—just sufficient to fill the hollows with a beautiful blue mist and to bring the colour to the cheeks of the men and set their eyes a-sparkling.

The farmers' sons who have ridden or cycled to see the fun, are grouped about the sides of the field, waiting for the contest to begin. Their hunting stocks are of the whitest, and the tying of them has been done with unusual care; they have donned their newest, most yellow and most creaking leggings. For are not all the girls of the village—nay, of the whole district—to be there shortly?

But it is only nine o'clock, and the girls have not yet driven across to Mr. Salter's farm; consequently there is not, so far, a sense of rivalry amongst the young men, and they chat together on topics of common interest, for they are all members of the same Yeomanry troop, and they all hunt occasionally with the same pack.

THE START.

The judge gives the signal, chatting stops, and the ploughmen grasp the handles. There comes a shaking of the rope reins, and the horses move off—only to pause when they have gone a couple of yards, for they must know that all is straight before they go farther.

"Come, Bess! Hi, Ned!"

The horses know that everything is right, and they step out bravely, never slackening till they have reached the far end of the field and made the first furrow.

And a lot depends on that furrow. If it is straight and even, it guides the ploughman for the others.

At the end of the furrow the horses rest, without invitation, for they are accustomed to do so and know it is their right. Then once again they swing away, and another furrow is in the making.

The ploughman bends over, lifting and tilting to meet the inequalities of the ground, but sometimes he lifts his eyes from his work to steal a glance at the horses. Their coats are like satin. A week ago they were clipped, and he has spent two hours nightly since then, grooming them and polishing their coats to the last degree.

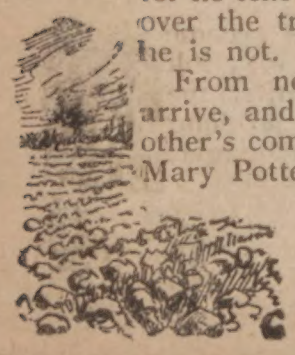
This morning, before setting out, he used his only silk handkerchief to put a final gloss upon them, and he fixed the cockades to their bridles and bound the ribbons upon their tails with as much care as a girl uses in making the preparations for her first dance.

HONEST PRIDE.

He is satisfied with the result—proud of it, in fact—and he tries to walk modestly, lest he should be accused of arrogance.

And so they go, up the furrows and down the furrows, till by noon nearly the whole of the field has been ploughed.

Mr. Salter looks on approvingly. He has provided a feast which will run him into a good deal more than the cost of the labour which he has received in return, but he is perfectly satisfied. He delights in being able to entertain his neighbours from far and near, and in being able to do it without seeming to bestow a favour, for he tells everybody that he is a deal in pocket over the transaction, though everybody knows he is not.



From noon to one o'clock the womenfolk arrive, and the farmers' sons begin to find each other's company uninteresting. One has to see Mary Potter about some ferrets her father has promised him; another has to interview Phyllis Gosling to see whether she can be persuaded to sell her mare; others don't worry about inventing excuses, but just sheer off and attach themselves to their particular girl.

And there is still enough of frost in the air to make the girls' eyes dance and sparkle; if it isn't the frost that does it, it must be something else.

The ploughing match has now reached its most interesting point so far as the spectators are concerned. The young men have forgotten all about it because they are thinking about the girls, and the girls never cared about the ploughing at all, and didn't come to see it.

THE VICTORS.

Everybody is happy, when there is heard a shout at one corner of the field, and then comes cheering. Men and maidens flock towards the spot, for the names of the winners are being announced.

There is old Tom, carrying off the butter-cooler with the silver-plated lid, not because he has done well, but because he is the oldest ploughman on the field.

Here is a young man, trying not to smile with delight, who has won a silver medal for the straightest furrow. There is another, looking very knowing, who has got a side of bacon for the best kept harness.

One young ploughman has a meerschaum pipe for being the best farmer competitor.

But to name the recipients of all the prizes would be to catalogue every competitor, for it has been arranged that everybody gets something for one reason or another; even the youngest and the oldest, even the man with the largest family has not been forgotten.

Phyllis Gosling is the admitted belle of the district, and she has been ordered by the judges to name the winner of the prize that has been set aside for the handsomest ploughman. Blushingly she awards it to the young farmer with the meerschaum pipe, and when the ploughs are hoisted on the carts and the women folk prepare to leave for home, he helps her into his dog-cart, and they drive away together.

A FESTIVE NIGHT.

By two o'clock there is not a girl to be seen, for they know that the rest of the entertainment is, like this paper, for men only; and a good many of the younger men have departed with them.

Those who remain congregate in Mr. Salter's corn loft, which has been decorated for the occasion. Here a banquet has been prepared, and both ploughmen and spectators do it more than justice, for there is no appetiser like a breath of good frosty air.

They eat, and drink, and make speeches, and some of the speakers make fools of themselves, till darkness falls. Then the tables are cleared away, the fiddlers take their places at the end of the loft, and a glorious dance begins.

There is absolute freedom. The young squire is there, dancing merrily with a servant lass from Mr. Salter's house. Some of the girls who left earlier have returned for the dance, and the fun is fast and furious.

All night long they keep it up.

As the first streaks of dawn shine through the windows of the corn loft, the party breaks up, horses are yoked to traps, and the dancers tuck their wraps about them or button their jackets and bid the Salters good-night.

All but the drivers fall asleep as soon as they are seated in the vehicles, and presently the drivers fall asleep too, but the horses, luckily, know their way home.

T. W. GARDEN.

CHRISTMAS CRIME.

GOODWILL *v.* BAD WANT.

Christmas is the busiest time of all the year for the police. The half-starved man who gazes at the shop windows, bulging with good things, finds his power of resistance gone and falls from respectability to crime; and so the army of wrong-doers is increased.

With their little schemes we shall not deal, for the novice is neither original nor interesting.

The professional charity-monger finds Christmas his harvest time. Sometimes he takes an office in London, and floods the country with persuasive circulars. Sometimes he calls at all the houses in a district, armed with a bogus subscription list which is headed with a supposed donation by the vicar. Our hearts are kindly just now, and we do not question too closely but give.

Another pest of this season is the man who calls with a specimen book of private greeting cards and a camera.

He offers a dozen cards at half the price we can get them for locally, and he further volunteers to embellish them with a photograph of our domicile.

The only fly in the ointment is that he wants the price in advance. Often he gets it, but he does not return with the cards.

The Christmas hamper is the centre of several ingenious schemes. A couple of thieves hire a van and horse, and follow one of the vans of a railway company or carrier. They wait till the genuine vanman has delivered a hamper and has gone away; then they present themselves at the house with the assurance that the wrong hamper has been delivered.

It is handed to them and another is given to the servant. The latter, of course, contains only rubbish, but before it is opened, the thieves have driven off. They are got up like vanmen and are seldom suspected till too late.

A variant of this is for the rogues to work quite independently of the real vanman. They take their hamper of rubbish to a likely house, demand a couple of shillings for carriage and then decamp.

There is invariably a burglary epidemic at Christmas time. Wealthy families who keep their plate as a rule at their banker's, have it all home for the Christmas festivities, a fact which the burglar knows and appreciates.

When at last the merry-making is over, and the people have gone to bed, to sleep with uncommon soundness after their eating and drinking, a light rope ladder, with a hook at the end of it, is deftly thrown up to a balcony and an entrance is made by a window which has not been illuminated at any time during the evening, and which presumably belongs to a room that is unoccupied.

The pickpocket is merrier at the festive season than anybody else. The shop windows are looking their best and are filled with novelties. The people crowd around them to see what the others are looking at, and the pickpocket annexes the purses they have brought for their Christmas shopping.

In the shops themselves the nimble fingered thief has special opportunities. Round the trays of Christmas cards he is always to be found but never in evidence. He knows that the customers are engrossed in making their choice, and have both hands engaged in turning the cards over, and so there is little to stand in his way.

The fact that so many shops and factories are closed for a time at Christmas gives a chance to the wrong-doer which he does not neglect. The great fire at Whiteley's in 1882 was undoubtedly the work of some spiteful incendiary who took advantage of the absence of the staff at holiday time.

Then again we have the case of Mr. William Macgregor, the veteran footballer. As our readers may know, he is in private life a draper in Summer Lane, Birmingham, and for thirty years in succession his shop has been broken into at Christmas.

JAMES SIMPSON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Two Gentlemen from London.

By E. JAMESON CLARK.

"The birds are all right; thank you for asking about them," said Ashlin, as he leant across the counter so that what he said to the landlord of the "Fox" should not be heard by others. "Yes," he continued, "the birds they're right enough, it's their owner that's wrong."

The landlord nodded.

"Here's the season well advanced," Ashton went on, "and there's not a sign of him coming to shoot them pheasants, and they've cost him a pound apiece to rear. It's heart-breaking after all the trouble I've taken to get the birds so healthy. They are as strong on the wing as eagles, and there's as many of them as would satisfy any glutton for sport."

"Ah, well," sympathised the landlord, "it's no use grumbling. I suppose old Rubenstein forgets all about his country property when he's busy on the Stock Exchange. It seems a pity to me that an outsider like him, a Jew, should own such a fine place. It ought to be the property of an Englishman who would treat it fairly, and who'd take advantage of the game you've reared for him, Mr. Ashlin."

"Some day," said Ashlin meditatively, "I'll throw up this job and get another where my birds will be fairly dealt by."

At this moment the local butcher pushed through the crowd in the taproom and approached the bar.

"So you've got some swells staying with you just now," he remarked to the landlord. "I saw them draw up at the door, and I haven't seen them come out again, so I suppose they're stopping. That was a stunning fine motor they had anyhow."

"To be sure," replied the landlord, with the air of a man was was accustomed to have fine motors stop at his door. "And two very nice young gentlemen they are, I can assure you. The one is the Honourable George Hardington, and the other is Captain Robinson."

"Stopping long?" asked the butcher.

"They told me," said the landlord, "that they're only making a short stay for some shooting. I don't know where they're going to have their sport, but what's that to me? They order everything of the best, and never ask prices, so I'm quite satisfied. I should like——"

The landlord's mouth closed with a snap, and, following his eyes, the others looked round and saw a well-dressed young man enter the taproom. He came over to where the landlord was standing, and invited him to have a drink.

"Do you happen to know where I could meet Mr. Ashlin, my old friend Rubenstein's gamekeeper?" asked the stranger, as the landlord sipped his liquor.

"Why, here and now, sir," replied the landlord. "This is Mr. Ashlin standing beside you. The Honourable George Hardington, Mr. Ashlin."

The stranger was most affable and pleasant, and he requested Mr. Ashlin to come up with him to his private sitting-room where he had a communication to make to him. Arrived here, Ashlin was introduced to Captain Robinson, supplied with liquor and provided with a comfortable seat against the fire.

"It is very opportune that I should meet you here," said Mr. Hardington, as he pulled out a letter from his pocket and handed it to the head keeper. "This is from my friend and your employer, Mr. Rubenstein."

Ashlin unfolded the typewritten note, and read:

"To Robert Ashlin.—Kindly see that these gentlemen are provided with the finest day's sport that my coverts can provide. It is improbable that I shall be able to shoot this season, so there is no need to save the birds unduly. The main thing is that these gentlemen shall have as good a day as possible. You are to consider yourself and all your subordinates to be absolutely at their command during their stay. They will take the game they shoot to

London with them.—A. Rubenstein."

"Your servant, sir," said Ashlin, when he had read the communication. "I'm glad that there is to be shooting in our coverts at last, and I can promise you some very good sport May I ask how many days you will be shooting, sir?"

"I'm afraid that we shall not have time to stop for more than one day," replied Mr. Hardington. "We must leave for town by six o'clock to-morrow evening, but between morning and that time we should be able to do a good deal of execution."

It appeared that neither of the gentlemen from London had brought a gun with him, but this deficiency could easily be remedied, for Ashlin had charge of Mr. Rubenstein's gunroom. Bores and charges were discussed and finally, at the Captain's suggestion, it was agreed that he and his friend should each be provided with a couple of guns, and an underkeeper each to load them.

"I should have liked if you could have dined with us to-night," said Mr. Hardington, "but we arrived too late to beat you up before dinner time. I hope, however, that you will do us the honour of drinking our health again when you go downstairs. Not a word of thanks! No, no. I won't hear it. We'll motor up to the Hall at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and we'll expect everything to be ready for us. If things go well I shall ask you to accept a substantial little present at the end of the day."

While he spoke he drew from his pocket a handful of gold coins, and without counting them, he thrust them into the gamekeeper's willing palm.

On the following morning the motor was brought round to the door.

The landlord beamed with approval as he stood at the top of the steps and watched the motor whirl off towards the Hall. Down the street it flashed like an arrow, and the village policeman thought it might be just as well to note its number, but unfortunately the number plate was splashed all over with mud and was quite unreadable.

At the Hall everything was in readiness. Nets had been fixed at the end of each covert, and when the two sportsmen had been put in position with their loaders, Mr. Ashlin set off to lead the beaters.

The beating was skilfully done. The birds did not come all in a bunch, but singly, and in pairs, and just as surely as they emerged from the tree tops so surely did they fall to the unerring aim of the two gentlemen from London.

Mr. Ashlin was delighted when he left the covert and beheld the magnitude of the bag.

"We shall require the pony cart before the day is out; that I can see very clearly," he said, and the pony cart was accordingly sent for. Again and again it made the journey between the coverts and the Hall, and the birds were laid out on the lawn to cool.

Not only were the sportsmen experts in bringing down pheasants. They bagged several partridges which rose from the covert's edge, and twice they bowled over a hare as neatly as could have been wished. What took the keeper's fancy most, however, was the fact that as they crossed from one covert to another a couple of snipe rose from a field of stubble. The two gentlemen fired simultaneously, and both snipe, the trickiest of all game birds, fell to earth.

Shortly after noon Mr Hardington invited all the keepers to come back to the Hall with him. There it was found that a most excellent lunch had been sent up from the hotel, and on the lawn beside the now extensive bag they ate the meal with all the relish in the world.

There was just one thought that harassed the mind of Mr Ashlin. His orders had been not to spare the birds, and he certainly had not done so, but the sportsmen had proved themselves expert beyond all his calculations, and he feared that there might be a shortage of pheasants for the afternoon. There was still one covert to draw, but when that was finished the best of the shooting would be over. Mr. Hardington, however, solved the difficulty.

"I noticed," he said, "that you have several little lakes throughout your preserves, and I saw a few wild duck. I propose that we should deal with the remaining covert and then have a go at the duck."

So it fell. The wild duck, which had been preserved and reared with as much care as the pheasants, were driven from one pond to another, while the sportsmen remained stationed between them. What birds they missed their loaders were to blame for, although these young men worked terrifically hard.

By half-past four Mr. Hardington announced that they had had enough sport for the day. The birds were carried to the Hall, and when those newly shot had cooled, they were all loaded on the motor-car. From the locker Mr. Hardington drew a cashbox, and its contents he distributed amongst the keepers.

He appeared to know exactly the relative positions of the different men. Five sovereigns was the smallest tip he gave, and that was to each of the beaters. To each of the loaders he presented ten, with a like amount to each of the underkeepers. To Mr. Ashlin himself he handed a crisp banknote for £20.

The departure of the motor-car was a triumph of enthusiasm. The affability of Mr. Hardington had endeared him to everyone, and the keepers raised the heartiest of cheers. Dinner was awaiting the sportsmen when they reached the hotel, and immediately they had finished it they requested their bill, paid it with a £20 note, and set off for London.

Mr. Ashlin was a cautious person, and so far he had said nothing to anyone concerning the gift which had been made to him on the previous evening, but in the fulness of his heart he now determined to squander part of one sovereign in treating his friends in the taproom at the "Fox."

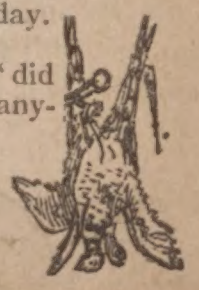
As he threw it magnificently on the counter he started in alarm, for it rang strangely.

The landlord placed the coin between his teeth and snapped it in two. When he learnt where the sovereign had come from he rushed to the banker's house, for the bank itself was now shut, with his own £20 note, and discovered that it was also bad. Presently some of the underkeepers appeared in the taproom also to learn that their sovereigns were as bad as Mr. Ashlin's.

It was with a heavy heart that Ashlin returned to his cottage that night, and his feelings were still more unenviable when he opened a letter which lay on the table.

"Have everything ready," it said, "for a big shoot next Saturday. I am bringing out a number of friends, and, as the birds have not been touched this season, I expect a good day. —A. Rubenstein."

"Why, oh, why," muttered Mr. Ashlin, "did I not remember that anybody can write anybody else's name with a typewriter?"



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

WEIGHT AND CONDITION.

The physical culturist should keep a keen eye on the increase or decrease of his weight. The automatic weighing machines provided in railway stations, chemists' shops and public houses are a sufficient guide, provided you stick to the same machine, as this will let you know whether you are going up or down. To weigh yourself on different machines is deceptive, as some indicate an appreciable difference in the weight of the same individual. In most public baths there are weighing machines which may be used free of charge. Whichever one you select stick to it.

When a man begins to take regular exercise his weight as a rule decreases owing to the elimination of fat. Then fresh muscular tissue is formed and the weight begins to increase.

Physical culture, strangely enough, has the effect of bringing the weight to the correct average. It will reduce superfluous flesh and will bring meat to the bones of the lean.

When you have got to the ideal standard keep a close eye on your weight, for it indicates very accurately the state of your health, intimating when you must take things easier or expend more energy in exercise.

In the following table the average weights for various heights are given. It must, however, be remembered that young people who have shot up quickly to these heights will not quite reach the weight, as their breadth has yet to come. The weights given are those of full-grown men:

Height.	Weight.
5ft.	8st. 8lb. to 8st. 11lb.
5ft. 2in.	8st. 12lb. to 9st. 2lb.
5ft. 4in.	9st. 6lb. to 10st.
5ft. 6in.	9st. 10lb. to 10st. 8lb.
5ft. 8in.	10st. to 11st.
5ft. 10in.	11st. to 12st.
6ft.	12st. 10lb. to 13st. 10lb.

TOE TOUCHING.

Stand erect, holding your hands above your head, palms forward. Now bend at the hips and endeavour to touch your toes with your fingertips; the knees must be kept perfectly straight all the time.

This exercise helps growth.

If you cannot reach your toes, don't worry about it; some men have long legs and a short back, and the feat to them is well-nigh impossible. Remember that there is nothing to be gained in touching your toes—it is the stretching during the effort that benefits you. Therefore do the exercise even if you know that you can never reach your toes.

Similarly the man who possesses a long back and therefore does the thing easily, finds that this exercise demands not the slightest exertion and is therefore useless; he must adapt it to suit his particular case, and aim not at his toes but at a point on the floor twelve inches in front of them. He will then find the exercise as difficult, and therefore as beneficial, as does the man with longer limbs.

The muscles developed here are those of the back and legs, the stretching having a marked effect on their growth. Be most particular in this exercise not to bend the knees, for if you do that you spoil the whole thing.

Don't swing down quickly or with a jerk; do it slowly but strenuously.

HOME MADE PUNCHING BALLS.

Punching ball practice is second only to actual boxing as an exercise, and it possesses the obvious advantage of enabling you to do without the assistance of a friend, who may not always be available.

The one thing against the punching ball is its price. It is quite easy, however, to construct at the cost of a few pence a ball which will be in every respect as good as those you buy, although perhaps it is not so ornamental.

If you have, or can purchase cheaply, an old football, well and good. If not, make one of canvas, copying the sections of an orange skin in cutting out the cloth.

It must be remembered that seams have to be made, and you must allow an extra half inch at each side of the section for this purpose.

How to fix the ball when made.

Sew the sections together till the ball is completed save for one seam. Then cut out two circular pieces of leather and sew one on the outside of each end of the ball to strengthen it.

To each end now attach a loop of stout leather, bringing the stitches clean through the leather circle and right inside the ball. This sewing must be done with the stoutest thread, for the strain upon it will be great.

Now stuff the ball hard with wads of newspaper gripped firmly together before being inserted. Finally sew up the one remaining seam, and the ball part is complete.

Its attachments are easily constructed, and, seeing that you are making it to measure, I should not trouble to have hooks or buckles by which the length may be altered.

Screw a staple to the floor and another to the ceiling, and to each attach a thick cord such as is supplied for hanging heavy pictures.

Now purchase two pieces of moulded rubber cord, each about a foot long. It is just as well to get a bit that is covered with thread like those used in developers. Pass one end of the rubber through the leather loop attached to the ball, lay this end against itself and fix it down by tying it round and round with stout thread. Serve the other end of the ball precisely the same with the other piece of rubber.

Next attach one of the rubber ends to the cord hanging from the ceiling, not merely splicing it on, but doubling the cord on itself and the rubber on itself to make a more secure fastening.

The right height for the ball is about the height of your chin. Fix the cord attached to the floor, making it just sufficiently tight to put some strain on the rubber.

The ball is now quite ready for practice.

Do not attack it too vigorously at first, but hit it lightly and calculate its return carefully, so that you can catch it again as it approaches you. Practise this first with the left hand, then with the right hand, next with the two hands alternately, and finally with the elbows as well as with the fists.

There is a simpler form of punching machine which is preferred by many boxers to the punching ball, as with it the boxing hits can be better brought off. It is simply a large sack stuffed hard with paper and hung from the roof.

A potato sack will do, but it must first be washed clean, as you are going to make the dust fly from it if there is any.

The top of the bag should be on a level with your head for it is supposed to represent the face of your antagonist.

The rest of the bag represents his body, and you are in this way enabled to bring off body hits as well as face hits.

Use the bag for increasing your hitting power.

As an exercise practice with the bag is inferior to that with the ball, for the former is heavier and slower, but it is admittedly the better means for increasing your hitting power and assisting you to become expert in actual fighting.

It is wise for the physical culturist to combine such an exercise as ball-punching with his other methods of training. There is a good deal of fun in it, and consequently it maintains your interest in physical development when that shows symptoms of flagging, as it sometimes will do.

Wear boxing gloves for bag practice, for there you are hitting hard against rough canvas, and are likely to damage your knuckles unless they are protected.

For ball-punching, however, I prefer the naked fists.

If your knuckles are tender try ordinary outdoor gloves when you are practising with the ball; they don't make your hands sweat as boxing gloves do.

HUGH PATERSON.

REFRESHERS.

Somebody has said that the only tonics which are not followed by an unpleasant re-action are fresh air and food. This statement must have been made with a limited knowledge of physical science, and it is a pity that it should be accepted so generally. I admit that both food and fresh air are all but unrivalled as tonics, but there are others.

I know of no refreshment equal to a rub down when the perspiration is streaming from every pore. The man who is tired, either physically or mentally, will quickly regain his fitness if he runs at top speed for a mile, or runs a couple of miles fairly slowly but still sufficiently fast to make him sweat, and then rubs himself down scientifically.

The rejuvenating effect of bathing is not sufficiently appreciated in this country. The Englishman takes his daily bath in the morning, and is rather proud of the fact, because he generally elects to have it uncomfortably cold; but, be he never so tired, he does not think of stripping during the course of the day and having another bath.

It happens to most of us that we change our clothes during the course of the day. The wealthy man changes his for dinner, and the working man removes his labour-stained garments. At such a time to strip to the skin would occupy only a moment or two extra, and a dip into a bath of water but half-a-minute more than that.

Another pleasant refresher is to wash your head. This if, of course, convenient only when the hair is kept at military shortness, for long hair takes an unconscionable time in drying, and if not dried thoroughly is apt to lead to a cold.

The man who is mentally tired can regain his freshness by having a chat with some person with whom he is not too well acquainted. To talk to people whose views you already know demands an effort, but a chat—not on political or deep subjects—with someone whose views you have yet to learn tends to make the mind regain its brightness.

The word "refresher" to the minds of many people suggests a drink, but the intoxicating drink cannot be regarded strictly as refreshment. It may be beneficial in dulling the senses and thus helping to eliminate worry for a time, but it has a soporific effect which makes you feel lazier than ever, and the essence of refreshment is that you should regain your former fitness.

FOOTER FITNESS.

Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength.
—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

While it is necessary to bring the professional footballer to his highest state of physical perfection, he cannot be submitted to the same regime as the pugilist. The boxer has to be worked up for one event, and when that is passed he may either rest or collapse—it is immaterial to his backers which.

The footballer, on the other hand, has to keep fit for eight months of the year, and the methods adopted in his case are therefore better calculated to benefit the health generally and are more suitable for adoption by the ordinary man.

Footballers must have plenty of sleep. They get up as a rule about eight o'clock in the morning, and they are expected to be abed by ten.

At ten each morning the men present themselves at the football ground, where they undergo an hour's training, either in the field itself or in the gymnasium which is attached to the grounds of most of our leading clubs.

In the old days the training was of a heavy stiffening character, calculated to make the muscles hard, but the present day methods aim rather at increasing rapidity of movement and elasticity.

The skipping rope has replaced the dumbbells, and sprinting is now preferred to the monotonous raising and lowering of the body from a horizontal bar.

The methods of the various clubs differ, but it is the general custom to have exercise with the skipping rope or punching ball three times a week, short sprints two or three times a week and ball practice not more than twice a week.

You must remember that the training here referred to is that which is followed by the footballer throughout the winter. His training during the opening month of the season is much more arduous, but when football has once got into full swing his weekly matches are all but sufficient for maintaining his fitness.

The training is adapted to each individual player, for the managers of clubs have discovered that what is good for one man is not necessarily good for another.

Thus one will be made to take more sprinting than is usual if he is found to be lacking in speed, while another may be made to kick the ball while his comrades are in the gymnasium.

The correction of faults and the maintaining of fitness are thus made to go hand in hand.

During the afternoon it is customary for the trainer to shepherd together those footballers who are not engaged in any other employment, and to conduct them for a walk.

At least twice a week this walk will be a long one, for nothing is better calculated to increase one's staying powers than walking for hours on end, and this form of exercise has the additional advantage that it does not unduly stiffen the muscles.

In the evening the footballer has a quiet game of billiards or cards, and once a week he may visit a theatre, but not more often, for his regular hours must not be disturbed.

Baths are provided at every first-class football ground, and form part of the daily regime of the player. After his morning exercise he has a warm bath and is rubbed down, and the process is not infrequently repeated when he returns from his afternoon walk.

Besides all this prescribed exercise, most footballers have some athletic hobby of their own.

Smoking in moderation is permitted by most trainers, as also is a glass of beer with meals.

The footballer necessarily has a good deal of time on his hands, and nothing pleases him better than to go as a spectator to some football match near his own town. Here he may observe some brilliant play, and may improve his own style accordingly.

This keenness on the game is a sufficient proof that the professional player really loves the sport and is animated rather by this love than because it affords him the means of earning a livelihood.

FRANK WATSON.

SPORTING STORIES

THEN AS NOW.

The snowflakes melted on the tongues of the waits as they lifted their voices and dropped their H's. Sir Reginald Halidome and his newly made bride were eating their Yuletide fare, and as the knight's eye fell on the plum pudding, he said: "Prithee, let us bestow this thing upon the varlets."

"Oh, Reginald!" she sighed, "The sacrifice is too great. It is the first pudding I have ever made."

But he pointed out that it was the season of good-will, and with her consent he bore the pudding to the topmost battlement and dropped it on the neck of the worst wait.

"I always did hate waits," he muttered, as the man dropped lifeless to the ground.

And the snow fell more serenely than before.

TIMELY WARNING.

Young Giles was carrying three turkeys from the farm to the poulterer's; they were alive, because the poulterer had dealt with Giles before and wanted to have something better than his guarantee that the birds were fresh.

It gives you a nasty start when you are carrying three turkeys and one of them bends up and pecks you sharply on the back of the neck.

It gave Giles a nasty start anyhow, so much so that he released his grip of the three pairs of legs, and the birds bolted off in various directions.

He caught the oldest bird, because it could not run fast, but the other two flew over the fence in front of the Squire's house and perched nimbly on top of a holly bush.

Giles looked at the bush and observed that it was very prickly, and then he looked at the crowd of villagers who had gathered round to see the free show, and his eyes glared angrily upon them.

"If any man," he shouted, "dares to tell me that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, I'll punch his blooming head."

THE VISITOR.

There was laughter and mirth in the home of the Tinsoxes, for their Christmas dinner was beginning its journey. Suddenly there came a faint tap at the front door, and Mrs. Tinsox herself answered it.

"Pardon me," said a venerable man who stood on the doorstep, "but I caught a glimpse of your festive board through a hole in the blind. It reminded me of the dear old days. I am a lonely old man now, and I should be very glad to join you at the feast. I shall see to it that you and yours are not the losers."

Some people might have set the dog at him, or handed him a home-made pie; but Mrs. Tinsox read the out-of-date weeklies, and knew lots of stories about eccentric philanthropists, so she had him in and gave him a royal time.

Never came guest to the home of the Tinsoxes with a better appetite or with more appreciation for the cooking of Mrs. Tinsox. He ate and ate, but said little.

Late, late he left, refusing with an air of deepest mystery to disclose his name.

But don't say anything about the incident to any of the Tinsoxes. The lady of that name now knows that every shabby old man isn't a disguised millionaire, and she's sore about it.

CHRISTMAS CONTESTS.

Hardness ever of hardiness is mother.—CYMBELINE.

There is one Christmas event the result of which is telegraphed to all ends of the earth, but which if taking place at any other time would excite not the least notice. It is the Christmas morning swimming race in the Serpentine.

Last year nearly forty hardy swimmers took the chilly water, while the banks and the bridge were crowded with spectators, and shivering reporters listened to the comments of the seventy-year old members of the club whose only reason for not competing was, they asserted, that they wanted to give the younger men a chance of winning.

It is a matter of principle with the Serpentine Club that the members should have a dip every morning even if they have to break the ice to get it.

The Christmas race of the Highgate Lifebuoys at Highgate Ponds is even better attended, though it excites less newspaper comment. Last year over fifty competitors entered the water, but only the winner looked happy when they came out of it.

If you take the trouble of going to one of these races you will be struck by the apparent fitness of the competitors, for you would not expect that dipping in ice-cold water at all seasons would have a specially good effect on a man.

The fact is that these bathers are working on more hygienic lines than the home bather; he leaves his over-warm bed to plunge into his cold tub, but they are cooled and warmed again naturally by a sharp walk or cycle ride to their bathing place. Moreover they have the benefit of exercise while in the water, and of a brisk run after they come out. They are not so mad as they get the credit for.

At Southend and Folkestone there are Christmas morning bathing parades, but at this season the sea is a good deal warmer than the air, so that little inconvenience is felt from the apparently Spartan dip.

Last year thirty sturdy Scotsmen gathered on Boxing Day to play shinty on Wimbledon Common, and they swore they would do it again this year—Fegs, ay! Shinty is the ancestor of both golf and hockey, but it has a signal advantage over them in that it possesses very few rules. With all deference to the opinion of my Scotch readers, shinty is only an excuse for running about and for playfully tapping your friends' shins with your stick.

Possibly that is why it is so excellent a game for Christmas. The players, released for a time from business, desire nothing that imposes a mental effort; they just want to romp.

Many Londoners make no pretence of playing a grown-up game on Christmas Day, but amuse themselves by joining the youngsters on the commons in their touch-wood and kite-flying. Then may be seen the elderly book-keeper rejoicing at his victory over the cashier, and inwardly congratulating himself on the appetite he has laid in for his Christmas dinner.

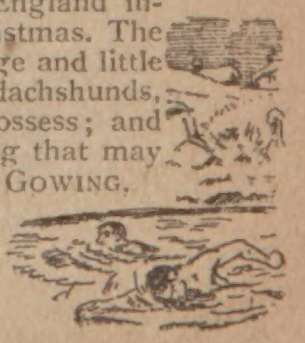
East End publicans organise contests of a novel character, for the delight of those customers who look on, and the discomfiture of those who take part. As many as a score of men will enter for a prize awarded to him who smokes the greatest number of cigars—supplied at the usual price by mine host—and the winner will get through from ten to sixteen in the time.

The others are mostly sick.

Saner contests are got up in connection with the World's Fair at the Agricultural Hall. Here prizes are offered for the man who can keep his pipe longest going, and the record stands at nearly two hours.

In many towns in the West of England informal fox-hunts are got up for Christmas. The field is mounted on horses of great age and little pedigree; the hounds are bulldogs, dachshunds, or any mongrel the hunters may possess; and the fox is a rabbit, a cat, or anything that may be handy and can run.

G. GOWING.



Our Readers' Page.

GREETINGS.

In buying Christmas cards, taste is very important. A card at 3s. a dozen may look better than another at four times the price.

Here is a tip for securing a good effect at small cost: don't have your name or greeting printed but only your address.

The fact that the latter is printed shows that the card has been prepared expressly for you, and the written greeting and signature seems warmer than the good wishes that each recipient knows have been sent to all your other friends. In this way you make your card different from most, without increasing its cost.

Don't send your cards in open envelopes with halfpenny stamps. Your friend does not care to have the postman and the servant reading a greeting that was intended for him alone; besides, the halfpenny stamp casts a reflection on the price of the card.

Card sending is more than a pretty custom; it enables you to keep in touch with friends and acquaintances to whom you are not in the habit of writing. Remember that a tasteful card is more appreciated than a trivial present.

SENSIBLE LAZINESS.

The successful business man knows the meaning of common-sense laziness. When his day's work is done, he seats him in an easy chair, gets a book and lets things drift for a while.

His less successful competitor, who is always worrying, but who never quite seems to get there, spends his leisure in making a thousand plans for the succeeding day, schemes usually which are the product of a tired brain, and which when the time arrives for setting them in motion are found to be impracticable.

Let business be wholly dropped in spare time; after all it need not be wasted time, for a good book or a walk in the open air will help you to get a wider outlook on life, and thereby help you to be more powerful in business and in everything else that matters. Worry never does this.

YULETIDE PRESENTS.

It's not the price but the nuisance of thinking out something suitable that makes the Christmas custom of gift-giving a trouble.

Don't aim at too much novelty—what nobody else gives nobody wants, and the fact that the present is the thing most desired by the recipient doubles its value.

A safe plan is to choose something a bit better than your friends would buy for themselves, but something infinitely useful. Paper knives and pen-trays are off, because no one uses them.

Give a girl a book by her favourite writer, a bottle of scent or something to eat. A big box of chocolates does not survive many days, but it generates in the feminine breast very kindly thoughts of the giver.

And don't forget to give her mother a pair of gloves; it's worth while.

For a man you have a wider range. A razor, a bottle of whisky or wine, a tobacco pouch or a pipe, will be useful and welcome. Even if you decide to give him cigars there will be no great error for they will be very helpful in assisting him to give up the habit on New Year's Day.

CHRISTMAS COMMANDMENTS.

Don't arrive half an hour too soon and jocularly explain that you've "come early to avoid the crush."

Don't entertain the company with a humorous description of the old gentleman you saw coming up the street. He may arrive later.

Don't always catch the same girl when playing blind-man's buff. People may suspect that you can see.

Don't attempt to do conjuring tricks unless you have tried them before.

Don't say, "I thought so," when you are informed that the mince-pies are home-made; it's ambiguous.

Don't say that the plum-pudding is "just like mother's." It might be considered a poor compliment.

Don't say, "That yarn of yours always makes me laugh," when your host introduces his annual joke. It sounds like another way of saying "Chestnut!"

Don't sing more than half-a-dozen songs in succession, because—well, it's bad for the voice.

Don't, when asked to take a glass of wine, sip it, and then inquire whether it's port or sherry. You may be misunderstood.

Don't, when conversing, harp on the "ripping time" you had at Brown's the other night. It savours of odious comparisons.

POOR CHAPS.

Christmas leave is unknown to 400,000 of London's workers, or, in round numbers, to one in every 15 of her population. On Christmas Day there will be 12,000 police on duty, and exactly the same number of workers at the gas, water and electricity works.

In order that you may have your newspaper, 11,000 journalists, printers and newsagents will be kept busy. That you may attend a theatre if you feel so minded, 15,000 actors, musicians and stage hands will have to drag themselves from their dinner tables.

Omnibus and tramway men to the number of 10,000 are hard at it; 7,000 barbers are shaving their festive customers; 15,000 cabmen are waiting to drive them home; 27,000 publicans and their servants are ready to supply refreshment; 6,000 chemists hold in readiness the remedies for over-indulgence.

NO CHRISTMAS TOURS.

There are some energetic people who will seize the few days of Christmas idleness to make a pilgrimage to strange places they have long wanted to see. Let them be warned in time.

If you go away for Christmas go to friends, or at least to lodgings. It is no time for knocking about. To the man who has no home or temporary abode, Christmas Day is horrible. Even in London the streets are deserted and the restaurants closed; you may be hungry though your pockets are weighted with money, for there is no chance of buying food.

The man who goes on a walking or cycling tour is in equally bad case. Merry-making goes on all round him, but he is a stranger and must not intrude, and the joy denied to him brings depression of spirits.

Even tramps draw towards the workhouse for the Christmas festivities; experience has taught them that the season is the worst of all the year for the solitary wanderer.

A GUINEA FOR A PARAGRAPH.

You don't need to be a skilled writer in order to contribute to this page. If what you have to say is interesting to most of our readers and fresh, that's enough; we shall lick it into literary shape with pleasure.

We want paragraphs with a bit of dash in them, and with plenty of masculine interest. Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't exceed 250 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned to the writers.

The guinea this week goes to Mr. J. Salter, 23, Harling Street, Camberwell, S.E., for "Christmas Commandments."

JACK'S VEGETABLES.

To supply the Navy with vegetables, especially for foreign commissions, it is essential that in the first place they should be dried. When cooked, these dried leaves are found to contain all the health-giving products which make vegetables so necessary a part of our diet. They are infinitely better preserved in this way than when they are salted or pickled in vinegar.

Of the twenty firms supplying these vegetables only one is British, the other contracts going to Canadian and German firms chiefly.

Here is another evidence of the decadence of British trade, cry our detractors; but it is merely another proof of their gift for jumping to conclusions.

As a matter of fact our climate is so damp that all the vegetables grown here have a superabundance of water in them, so that it is next to impossible to dry them profitably.

It is this same damp climate, however, which makes our beef and mutton the finest in the world, so let us not repine.

GOOD CHEER.

An experiment was made last year by a German doctor to prove that Christmas cheer has a beneficial effect on the health. He selected twenty men a week before Christmas, weighed them and tested their grip and pulse. A week after the feasting he did it again and found that in sixteen cases the grip and pulse were stronger, while the average weight had risen two pounds.

From a consideration of the four on whom Christmas had a bad effect, he advises that exercise should be taken before the meal, but not after it, that all meals except the dinner that day should be light, and that you should not go to bed till your turkey and plum pudding are digested.

The high quality of the food consumed at Christmas, as well as its quantity, accounts chiefly for the general improvement in physique, but the absence from business and worry has much to do with it. Therefore eat, be merry, and fear not.

THE DENTIST'S TRIALS.

"My chief trouble with my patients," writes a dentist, "is that most of them are loath to have their false teeth the same colour as their own.

"Of course it is essential that an artificial tooth should exactly match the natural ones beside which it is placed, otherwise its falseness is obvious to the most casual observer; but almost every patient wants the new tooth to be whiter than those in his head.

"When I have to fit complete sets I can give way more to the patient's fancy, but even these do not look natural if they are too white.

"A well-known politician once insisted that I should fit him with a set of the whiteness of paper, and, as I could not dissuade him from the idea, I had to do so. When the job was finished, however, he saw how unnatural they looked, and I had the satisfaction of making another set for him according to my own ideas.

"Nobody's teeth are dead white, the ideal colour being a sort of transparent creamy shade."

THE SPECTACLE STARE.

The wearers of spectacles always seem to be trying to stare one out of countenance. In most cases they are innocent of any such desire.

The lens in front of the eye acts as a magnifying glass, increasing the apparent size of the pupil, as if it were distended by the act of staring. You must add to this also the fact that the wearers of spectacles are shortsighted people, and are compelled to look very closely at an object if they are to see it with any distinctness.

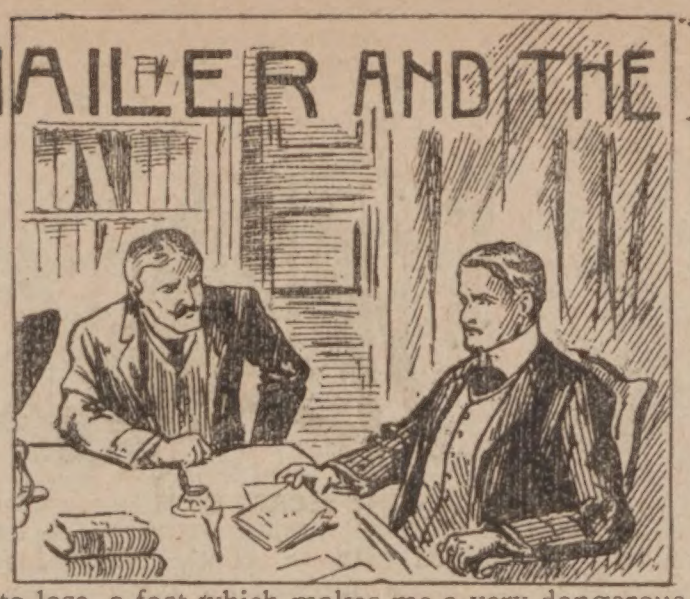
Those who are compelled to use spectacles may find it advisable to discard them in such places as railway carriages or in the street, so that it may not be thought they are guilty of any rudeness in looking at their neighbours with more than usual curiosity.

In many cases it strengthens the eyes to go without your specs. for a bit.

THE BLACKMAILER AND THE MILLIONAIRE.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By LAWRENCE S. NORTH.



When John Ellis had finished reading the letter his eyes burned with indignation, and he smacked his fist down on the bell which stood upon his desk.

"Have this letter taken to my solicitor," he said to his secretary, as that gentleman entered the room, "and tell him I desire that he shall prosecute its writer with the utmost rigour of the law."

But before the secretary reached the door, he learned that even men of iron resolution can alter their intentions for apparently no reason. John Ellis called him back, took the letter from him, and informed him bluntly that he had changed his mind.

"It would never do to bring a case like this into court," he muttered to himself as soon as he was left alone. "Whoever this Sydney Haggerston may be, he is undoubtedly clever as well as unscrupulous.

"To have accused me of murder or of forgery would have been fatal to his plans, for I should have handed him over to the police right away, but I cannot allow my name to be mixed up with such an abominable charge as he brings against me here.

"All my enemies, and half my friends would believe the accusation true, whether the case went against the blackmailer or not. No, I cannot prosecute him without injuring my reputation, although I am perfectly innocent."

John Ellis had only recently become a man of wealth, otherwise he would have known before now that blackmail is one of the thorns in the side of every millionaire, and that most of them pay up as the cheapest and least annoying way of getting out of the trouble.

No thought of paying up, however, crossed the mind of Ellis. He gave large sums in charity, and he spent a lot on himself, but no one had ever yet extracted from him a halfpenny against his will, and he had no intention that they should do so now.

"Clever as he is," said Ellis to himself, "I'll back myself to beat him at his own game. If I've got the brain to make the money I have, it will go hard with me if I can't circumvent a blackguard like this."

He considered it advisable to give the matter full consideration before he took any step at all, and so he did not reply that day to his correspondent. In the morning he received at the office a postcard which read: "This is just a reminder of my request. If you do not comply with it I shall be obliged to conduct all my correspondence with you on postcards, so that all your clerks may have the pleasure of reading it. —S. H."

Apparently the worthy correspondent had no intention of wasting time, for by the very next mail John Ellis received the following letter from him.

"Sir,—I think you will have gathered by this time that I am in deadly earnest. In proof of my abilities I may say that I have for years received large sums of money from the following:" (Here he gave the names of half-a-dozen of our most prominent men of wealth). "I may mention that I have been at great trouble to secure elaborate circumstantial evidence to back up the charge against you. This evidence might not be sufficient to convict you in a court of law —I am almost convinced that it would not—but I am equally certain that it would convict you in the eyes of all your acquaintances. You would become a man shunned by every right-minded person, an outcast, a pariah.

"Remember, my dear sir, that people sometimes suffer for crimes they have never committed.

"If I do not hear from you by to-morrow morning, I shall immediately begin a campaign of postcards. I am a man of straw with nothing to lose, a fact which makes me a very dangerous antagonist."

John Ellis gave instructions to the men in his outer office that he was not on any account to be interrupted during the next twenty minutes. Then he seated himself at his desk, lit a pipe, and began to draw strange diagrams on a piece of paper.

Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed he had settled a plan of action in his mind. His first step was to write and despatch the following letter to the address which his correspondent gave.

"I must ask you, as you hope to obtain any favour from me, to refrain from writing any further communications until I have talked the matter over with you. You will readily understand that I should prefer you not to call upon me at the office. Could you not come and see me to-morrow evening at my country place near Breckham? As you doubtless know, the name of my house is Breckham Grange. You will get a good train from town at six o'clock, reaching Breckham at seven. I shall not be able to see you earlier than that. I shall be waiting for you just inside the gates of the drive.—J. E."

That afternoon John Ellis bought a very cheap gun, and he spent the better part of the evening engraving upon the butt of it the initials "S. H."

Next night he arrived at Breckham Grange rather earlier than usual, reaching it some considerable time before dinner. As the coachman was about to drive round to the stables after depositing him at the door, he called:

"I'll want you to take me to the station to-night, James, in time to catch the seven train to town."

When at a quarter to seven, however, the grating of wheels was heard on the gravel outside, he despatched the butler to say that he would walk to the station on this particular evening for the sake of the exercise and would not require the carriage.

Thus he conveyed to the servants the distinct impression that he was going to town by the seven train, and, when he set out down the drive they did not for a moment imagine that their lord and master was going no farther than the summer house beside the gate. There he waited patiently till a dark figure turned in from the road.

"Sydney Haggerston, I suppose?" said Ellis stepping up to the stranger.

"And you," replied the other, "I know to be Mr. John Ellis."

"I took this opportunity of meeting you," said the millionaire, "in order that I might conduct you to the house by the back way. I don't wish the servants to see you."

They skirted the edge of the shrubbery and, fortunately for Ellis's plans, they encountered no one. Having led the stranger round to the glass door which divided the library from the garden, Ellis opened it with a master key and requested the blackmailer to enter.

Haggerston hesitated, for the room was in darkness, and he was a physical coward, but Ellis pushed him in, closed the door securely and only when he had drawn the thick curtain before it did he switch on an electric reading lamp which stood on the table.

By its light he was enabled for the first time to obtain a proper view of his adversary. Haggerston was a man about thirty, pale-faced and with a black moustache, and there was an unpleasant shiftiness about his eyes.

"I am glad you are taking this sensible view of things," he said. "There is nothing like letting us understand one another."

"That is the precise object of my request that you should call on me," replied the other. "I have carefully considered the evidence which you gave in your first letter, and, although I know that it is a fabrication, it has been engineered so cleverly that I should certainly be regarded as guilty in the eyes of the world. I am therefore prepared to submit to your demand."

"That is a very sensible view to take," replied Haggerston. "As business man to business man, I may say that I am regarded by the criminals of London as absolutely the most expert at the game of blackmail. As I have already indicated, I number amongst my—may I call them clients?—men as clever as yourself."

"I understand all that," replied Ellis, "for otherwise I should not be troubling myself about you. What I want to know is exactly the amount that you are prepared to accept."

"Well," replied the other, "it's useless for me to pretend that I would take one lump sum and be content with it. As you know, gentlemen in my line usually allege that they will take such a sum, and, when they have got it, they immediately start exacting a larger one. My method is different. I shall promise solemnly not to worry you if you agree to pay me £10,000 a year, the first annual payment to be made to-morrow, the second a year hence, and so on."

"It's an enormous sum," said Ellis.

"The refusal to pay it, however, would mean your immediate prosecution for one of the vilest of crimes."

"I know that," replied the other, "and it is the consideration of that fact that urges me to accept. I don't want to give you a cheque for the money now, however, as there would be evidence of its passing through my banking account. If you will call at my office to-morrow morning about eleven o'clock I shall have the money waiting for you in notes and gold. I must insist, however, that you return the letter making this appointment."

"By all means," said Haggerston, taking the letter from his pocket and handing it to Ellis. "Now that you have agreed to my terms it will not be of further use to me. I shall get a train back to town, I believe, at ten o'clock."

"Yes," said Ellis, "you will just manage to catch it if you take the short cut through the coverts. The path starts just opposite my own gate and runs through the woods belonging to Sir George Middleton direct to the railway station. It is very much shorter than going round by the road."

John Ellis opened the door of the library and listened. The light in the passage leading to the servants' part of the house had been extinguished, and he knew that his domestics would probably be in bed.

"Come this way," he said to his visitor, as he stepped to the end of the corridor and switched on the electric lights throughout its length. "At the end of the passage you will find a door which I do not think will be bolted. Turn to your left when you get outside, and you will readily find your way."

With that he wheeled about and returned to the library. In a moment he had unlocked the safe and brought forth the gun which he had placed there on the previous evening. Then he made his way along the passage to the door by which Haggerston had left. Beside this door was a narrow table on which Ellis himself had placed ten pheasants earlier in the evening. Now he counted them hastily, and smiled as he observed that there were only nine.

"I thought he could not resist nabbing a bird when he found them so easily come by as this," he muttered. "I know the type of man."

A moment later he had stepped out, dashed round the other side of the house, and had reached the roadway by a short cut that led through the shrubbery.

At the gate John Ellis paused and listened. Away towards the house he could hear the gravel crunching beneath Haggerston's feet. He was in plenty of time.

Hastily but quietly he made his way along the path through Sir George Middleton's coverts, and presently he saw between him and the sky some pheasants roosting on the branches of a tree.

Taking up his position beneath them, he waited in the shadow, listening intently.

In a few moments a dry twig cracked some hundred yards beyond, and John Ellis looked up the path. The darkness was intense, and he could see nothing, but the crunch of another twig warned him that Haggerston was approaching.

Then Ellis fired one barrel at the pheasants above him. As soon as the report had died away he placed his hand to his ear and listened again. Haggerston had apparently stopped, for the twigs had ceased crackling, but presently the noise began again and presently Ellis could see the figure of a man almost level with him.

He fired the second barrel of his gun, and then pitched the weapon into the path and made his way stealthily through the thickest part of the wood.

Haggerston was alarmed at the first report. At the second he conceived the idea that the millionaire had set a trap to murder him, and when the weapon fell at his feet he reasoned that his adversaries must have fallen out amongst themselves, to his great advantage.

He seized the gun, for he had no weapon, not even a walking stick, with which to defend himself.

Before he resumed his journey his ear caught the sound of someone running behind him, and without a moment's hesitation Haggerston took to his heels, still clutching the gun with a view to protecting himself should he be overtaken.

But flight was useless. He had not gone many yards when a party of gamekeepers ranged themselves across the path before him, while half-a-dozen more were running steadily along behind.

Haggerston lifted the gun to his shoulder and threatened to shoot anyone who dared to stop him, but, even as he spoke, one of the pursuing keepers, swifter than the rest, seized him by the shoulders and threw him heavily to the ground.

Haggerston knew nothing of country life. He did not know that for night poaching you may get anything between three and fourteen years of penal servitude if you have been foolish enough to threaten a gamekeeper with a gun; neither did he know that one of Sir George's keepers had been shot in the legs a week before by a poacher who had escaped.

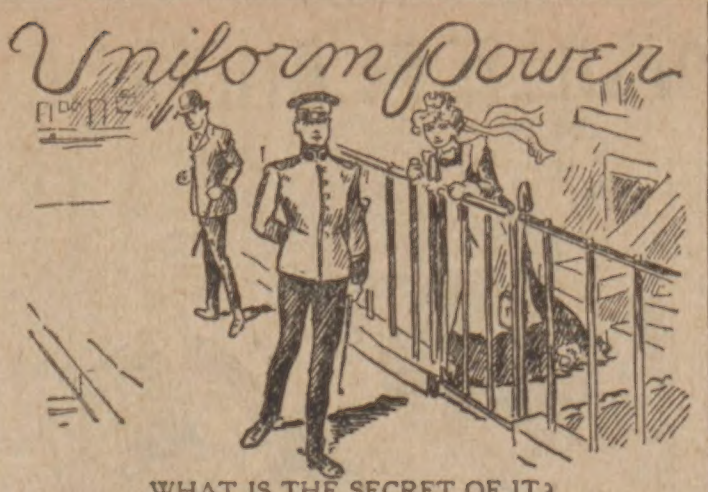
It was in vain that he assured them that the pheasant he had in his pocket had been given to him by Mr. Ellis.

The gun he clutched bore the initials "S. H." and the name "Sydney Haggerston" appeared on letters which were in his pocket.

He insisted on the fact that he was a Londoner who had been to call upon the owner of the Grange, and to settle the point the headkeeper went to the Grange and roused the butler, from whom he learned that Mr. Ellis was not there at all but in London.

It began to dawn upon Haggerston that he had crossed swords with a man more clever than himself, and he became convinced of the fact when the judge gave him the full penalty which the law allowed.

When John Ellis read the report of the trial and the sentence, he drew out Haggerston's letter from his pocket and read an extract which appeared to give him much satisfaction and amusement: "Remember, my dear sir, that people sometimes suffer for crimes they have never committed."



WHAT IS THE SECRET OF IT?

The chief motive in human nature, at least during the period between youth and middle age, is to attract members of the opposite sex. This fact accounts for much.

Women know that men like frills and feathers and so they wear them. Men know that women like uniforms, hence there is a rush to those employments where uniforms are worn.

Our soldiers' active-service habiliment—the convict-like khaki—is sensible and cheap, and there is but one reason why the authorities do not make it the compulsory wear for all occasions; that reason is its unattractiveness. If khaki were the walking-out uniform, voluntary enlistment would at once cease, and conscription would become necessary.

Hence the maintenance of a highly expensive style of dress, and the more elaborate it is the better is the recruiting. Our crack cavalry regiments never have the slightest difficulty in keeping up to full strength, simply because their uniforms are more pleasing than those of the infantry.

"'E don't 'ave the pick of the girls like we do," remarked a dashing cavalryman in reference to another soldier; "'e's only in the foot."

You can observe the same thing in its varying degrees throughout the service; the Lancers have more would-be recruits to choose from than the Hussars, and the Hussars than the Artillery, the recruiting varying in direct ratio with the smartness of the uniform supplied.

And the soldier knows the power of the uniform. Look at the advertising pages of any military paper and you will see the announcements of military outfitters offering to supply cavalrymen with what they describe as "mashing spurs." These are often of silver, and the rowels are specially constructed to jangle and clash as the wearer walks.

That the power of the soldier over the fair sex lies wholly in the uniform, is proved by the case of the reservist. With the three-years' system the newly discharged reservist is now just about the same age as his comrade under arms, and, having passed through a full course of training, instead of being merely half finished, his physique is even finer. Yet his chances with the girls are not a whit better than those of any other man, simply because he has laid aside his uniform.

The number of recruits for the navy is steadily decreasing, and suggestions are being made that Britons are losing their love of the sea. The real cause is the less becoming uniform of the Jack Tar.

Beside a Tommy he looks none too smart, and, knowing this, possible recruits prefer the sister service. Nevertheless Jack's dress has a certain amount of charm, simply because it is a uniform.

The butcher's young man is dearer to the housemaid than the grocer's assistant or the milkman, for the same old reason. His blue smock and white apron, though not in the strict sense of the word a uniform, single him out from other working fellows and give him a smartness all his own.

One of the chiefs of the Salvation Army recently admitted to me that in the uniform of that organisation lay one of the factors of its success. Though plain and made of cheap stuff, still it is a uniform and as such has its quota of devotees.

B. MARSTON.

OLD FRIENDS; NEW FACES.

A STUDY OF HUMAN NATURE.

A friend of mine, a journalist who has specialised in exploring the seamy side of London life, recently offered to escort me through certain slums which are regarded by the police as unsafe.

"My one stipulation," he said, "is that you wear your most disreputable clothes. If these people suspected you of being well-to-do, I could not be answerable for the consequences."

The time fixed was a Saturday evening, and during the afternoon I rigged myself in an old suit which I used for gardening in, a pair of boots which were down at heel and toe, and which I had kept to give to some beggar, an old muffler, additionally soiled for the occasion by rubbing it on the carpet, and a discarded cap, one of the seams of which I frayed out.

I reached my station some time before the train was due. When I bought a paper the bookstall clerk missed out the usual "sir" after the "thank you."

At the other end of the platform stood a man who travels to town daily in the same train as I do. We have known each other for some years, and he has always been friendly. When I saw him this afternoon I strolled along to him with the intention of amusing him with an account of the little adventure I was engaged upon. By the time I reached him, however, he moved his eyes from me to his newspaper, and when I greeted him he replied "Good afternoon" without looking up.

I think you will forgive me when I say that I have not spoken to him since.

Eventually I met my friend, who was attired even more disreputably than I was, and we spent the best part of the evening slum-exploring.

Then I suggested a visit to a music hall. We presented ourselves at the stalls entrance of a famous house near Leicester Square and secured our tickets. When we were about to hand them to the attendant in charge of the door, however, he looked us up and down and pressed a little bell behind him.

In answer to his ring the manager appeared and requested us to leave. We protested that we had paid for our tickets, but he said that did not alter the case. He would accompany us to the box-office and see that we had our money returned. We duly got it, and he then suggested that we would find accommodation in some cheaper part of the theatre, but we had already decided otherwise. If we could not sit where we liked we would leave altogether.

We next went into a saloon bar to have some refreshment, but we were informed that we could not be served there.

"I would not have believed it!" I said to my friend, as we returned to the street.

"My dear boy," he replied, "I could have told you at the outset that respect disappears when you seem down on your luck. Our only way of having a decent time is to act up to the parts we're dressed for."

So we dined at a coffee-house in a back street, and then visited the gallery at the Gaiety.

I was tired when I reached my own station that night, so I hailed a cab. My house is not far off, and the legal fare is a shilling, though I always give the man sixpence extra for himself.

The cabby was the one I usually patronise, and when I alighted at the house I was about to hand him the eighteen-pence as usual, when he said: "Thank you, sir, but it's only a shilling." He was generously giving me an opportunity of saving sixpence because I seemed to have met misfortune, and I appreciated his offer though I did not avail myself of it.

It was the one touch of kindness I had experienced in my shabbiness.

On Monday morning the local tradesmen without exception sent in their bills, and luckily I could meet them without inconvenience. But altogether I have come to the conclusion that my experiment was of too dangerous a character to be repeated.

R. J. GORING.

SOUL WEIGHING.

TOLD BY A FUTURE DIOGENES.

It was an American who started the idea about 1907, but in spite of its Transatlantic origin the discovery was a valuable one, and five years later the British scientists were not only able to weigh the soul but also to give an accurate estimate of its component parts.

After several years of hard work I was able to persuade our legislators to enact that every person should carry about with him a soul-card, made out by a Government soul-analyst, and giving in all its baldness a true description of its owner.

The law made it compulsory for the individual to show this card to any person who demanded it, which may have accounted for the terrific opposition by which my proposals were met.

A LITERARY FRAUD.

In a London restaurant I encountered a popular novelist shortly after my bill had been made law. He propounded to me a theory which he entertained regarding a murder trial, based he said upon his knowledge of psychology and human nature.

I laid down the menu and asked him to exhibit his soul-card. This is what it bore :

Gift of self-advertisement...	98
Literary talent	1
General knowledge	1
	100

Strangely enough he left me before the luncheon was finished.

I next betook myself to a political meeting. The speaker was a gentleman with a hard face, a bristling moustache and a tendency to aspirate his words in the wrong places. He was standing for election in the Labour interest, and his audience was obviously swayed by his gifts of oratory.

Without drawing undue attention upon myself, I made my way to the platform and demanded his soul-card.

I then copied it upon the blackboard on which he had been illustrating certain of his arguments, and the people left the hall in disgust. Here is the card :

Ambition	54
Greed	45
Capability	1
	100

The hall felt stuffy, even though the people had gone, so I left it and sauntered towards the Park to refresh my lungs.

WHO SAID ENGLAND WAS IN DANGER?

There I met one of our admirals, fine old sea-dog, as the Press was unanimous in naming him. He began to chat with me about the safety of Britain and the fruitlessness of any attempt which might be made by foreign powers to wrest from us our naval supremacy. My reply to him was a courteous request that he would let me see his soul-card. It was :

Self-esteem	80
Personal vanity	19¾
Talent	¼
	100

After that he seemed to consider my conversation uninteresting, and departed.

The next person I met was my old family doctor.

"Doctor," said I, "show unto me your soul-card." And he did :

Kindness	80
Humour	10
Fogeyism ...	9
Capability ...	1
	100

Who shall say how many people this benevolent medico has killed with kindness?

My next encounter was with a leading divine, and of him I also demanded his soul-card.

He kept it between the leaves of a sermon in manuscript, and it was better to look at than to read :

Egotism	50
Hypocrisy	25
Greed	20
Intolerance	3
Charity	1
Capability	1
	100

The only pleasing reflection is that when the next analysis is made (for the law declares that every soul must be analysed once a quarter), there may be signs of improvement in the soul-cards of my friends.

A. M. KIRKE.

ETIQUETTE FOR MEN.

This is "wrote sarcastic."

When someone tells you a funny story under the mistaken belief that it is something new, never be so rude as to say you have heard it before. Just place your hand across your mouth and yawn very widely, looking meanwhile as if you were thinking of something else and were anxious to be off.

Never spit while smoking in the presence of ladies.

Do not embarrass a pretty girl by talking sweet nothings to her. It only makes her feel awkward. Place your arm about her waist and kiss her.

No useful purpose is served by wasting time in these matters. Waist the girl.

When having tea, always offer the cakes to everybody else before helping yourself. They will not like to take up the biggest one, and it will thus be left for you; nobody else having to be served, you cannot be considered greedy in taking it then.

It is bad form to carry your walking stick over your shoulder. Carry it horizontally under your arm. It is much more likely to jab somebody's eye out.

Always carry a packet of cigarette papers and offer one to any person you may be talking with. They can hardly help offering you tobacco in return.

Never fight in a lady's presence. Place your right hand on the collar of the other man's coat, and grasp his ear firmly with your left. Then run him outside and settle the trouble there.

If you are going to a music hall with a friend always allow him to go in first. It is only polite, and, seeing that he reaches the pay-box before you, he can scarcely help buying tickets for both.

It is always rude to make a display of wealth. When you go into a public house, study the matches on the counter or the prints on the walls till the other man asks what you will have.

When a friend asks you to have a drink at his own house do not watch him too closely as he pours the liquor into your glass. It appears very gross to show anxiety over these matters. Just look carelessly at the ceiling or the fire. This assures you a full portion.

Never swear in a lady's presence. Just mutter and stamp your feet.

When you are offered a cigarette, do not give the matter your full attention. Great minds regard such things as trivial. Keep on talking, take out a few cigarettes, place one in your mouth and the others in your pocket, and ask for a light.

Never push past a man to get a seat on a 'bus. Just take hold of his arm and pull him off the step.

The right way to accept an invitation to dinner is to take no breakfast and a very light lunch

ICE SPORT.

Winter frosts enchant the pool,
And make the cart ruts beautiful.—R. L. STEVENSON.

We never will as a nation be great at ice sports because the proximity of every part of Britain to the sea hinders the water from freezing, and if we have anything over a week's skating per annum we think ourselves lucky.

Still we might do something, when we do have ice, to brighten things up a bit. Mostly we content ourselves with skating, but there are other diverting things that can be done on ice.

On the Lincolnshire Fens I once saw a performance that makes me laugh yet to think about it. It was glorified by the name of a mop fight, but it was really designed as a chance for two rival villages to settle old scores.

The fighters went in pairs, the lighter on the shoulders of his companion, who was mounted on skates. The "horseman" held a mop in his hand, and his steed bore him swiftly to where another couple were advancing for the onslaught.

One mopsman made a swipe at his adversary and missed him, but the force of his drive sent him and his friend spinning round and round like a top. This was one of the figures not included in the latter's skating, and down they both came. The other mopsman had by this time also dismounted involuntarily, and so they went at it on foot till somebody stopped them.

The object of each mopsman was to push his antagonist over, and, aided by the ice, he succeeded wonderfully, generally coming down with a crash himself at the same time. There were twelve couples on each side, and as they were all going for one another hammer and tongs, it was a merry spectacle.

Hockey on the ice is common enough, but cricket is rather unusual. During the hard winter of 1895 I saw a match on Loch Lomond between a Glasgow and a Perthshire team, and there was many a man as well as a maiden over. The men playing were not very expert skaters, and they found it difficult in making runs not to go about twenty feet beyond the wickets.

I imagine that the first thing you should think about before you put your skates on is whether the ice is thick enough. Somewhere near the edge you can generally find a hole which an inquiring person has excavated, and there you can examine the depth of the ice.

If it is two inches thick it will bear you all right, and your friends, provided they keep well apart, but don't have any crowding unless there is a thickness of at least three inches.

This does not, of course, apply to artificial rinks where the water is let on to the grass just as it freezes, and where the ice is consequently solid. Many a bowling or athletic club could turn their ground to account in this manner without doing any harm to the grass.

Don't allow skating till there is a good thickness of ice, for the blades are apt to cut through more than you would expect; and stop it as soon as the frost gives.

In learning to skate don't try to push off as you see an expert doing, but just slither along as if you were walking but could not lift your feet. When you see that you are falling relax all your muscles, and don't throw your hand out unless you want your wrist snapped.

At every skating pond where there is any depth of water there ought to be a long rope with a dozen loops on it. If anyone falls through a hole the rope can then be pitched into it and he will catch one of the loops. Fetch ladders to lay along by all means, but throw the rope first.

You will find Scotsmen in all parts of the two sister kingdoms, and I want to urge them to enlighten "thae English and Irish" into the mysteries of curling, if we have ice enough. Curling is but a variety of bowls on the ice, but it has none of the dulness of bowls.

"Soop, Dominie! Canny, Laird!" It is the enthusiasm and freemasonry of curling that gives it its charm.

DONALD MACGREGOR.

LONDON: HELL

VII. POLICE METHODS.

All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues.—JOHNSON.

I have heard some reputedly kind-hearted men say that it matters little how oppressive the police may be, for it is only criminals that fall into their hands. Such a statement shows a lamentable ignorance of the facts.

A consideration of any of the notorious cases of so-called mistaken identity or, as some will have it, police perjury, shows that the honest and respected citizen is almost as liable to fall foul of them as is the habitual criminal.

I am not stretching the truth to the slightest extent when I say that no man or woman in the West-End of London, be he or she as innocent as the new-born babe, can feel safe from arrest and possible conviction on an absolutely unfounded charge.

Let us consider the case of the gangs of successful criminals who frequent the public-houses and music halls of the West-End.

A police inspector has accompanied me in plain clothes to several of these places, and has pointed out the various crooks known to him. This one lived by blackmail, that one by the confidence trick, this other was making a fortune from the ghastly white slave traffic.

"DIFFICULTIES" OF GETTING EVIDENCE.

I asked him frankly why these criminals were not arrested, and he told me that it was impossible to get sufficient evidence against them. The explanation did not strike me as very convincing.

Soon afterwards I had a conversation with a notorious West-End sharp. As I have pointed out in these articles, it is my habit, as a humble knight of the pen, to explore all quarters of London and to become acquainted with all types of its inhabitants. This particular sharp would have fleeced me had I possessed any wool; as it was, my circumstances made me perfectly safe from him.

He had just confided to me particulars of the enormous profits to be made in his line of business, and I asked him why it was that he did not give up the life and lead that of a gentleman of leisure.

"For the very excellent reason," he replied, "that we have to dole out the money almost as soon as we get it. To whom do we pay it? Can't you guess? You must be very dull."

Why are not these sharps exterminated? I have given the detective's reason and have reported what a sharp told me. I make no comment whatsoever.

REVOLTING CASES.

Why do we always notice in the reports of West-End cases that some prosecutor has come forward? Why don't the plain clothes men set traps and relieve the public of the painful task of bringing objectionable cases into court? Why, I wonder?

There is a much blacker aspect of the case, and one which I can only touch upon here. If I went into all its sordid details I should horrify you. Those who know something of West-End life can read between the lines; those who do not are better without the knowledge.

Here is the indictment: a blackmailer asserted in my hearing that his line was particularly easy because when once he had trapped his victims into circumstances both incriminating and revolting, he could always count on winning whether they acceded to his demands for money or not.

"If they pay me what I ask," he said, "they go free till next time. If they refuse, I simply send a messenger for a detective who makes a speciality of such cases, and my intended victims are arrested and convicted on a criminal charge.

"In the one case I get money; in the other—— And you still wonder why parasites of my type are not driven from the streets."

If you read the Sunday newspapers, most of which devote a great deal of space to these disgusting cases, you will observe that in each instance the detective's arrival on the scene appears to be miraculous. How he got his information never comes out in the evidence; unless the blackmailer sent for him, how did he get there?

Blackmailers want money; detectives want cases. Please do not confuse these facts or suppose that there is any connection between them.

OFFICIAL KINDNESS.

One of the most nauseating spectacles in London is that of a couple of policemen taking a woman to the station. The crowds jeer and taunt the men, and they in turn wreak vengeance on their unhappy prisoner. They twist her arms till she yells with mingled pain and rage, and her cries will be repeated to the magistrate next day in the comprehensive sentence: "She used awful language, your worship."

The police are strictly forbidden by the regulations to use unnecessary violence, but the torture they inflict on their prisoners is so surreptitious that it is extremely difficult to detect. Not infrequently the policemen will twist the arms of their captive till they pitch her on her face on the pavement. Bruised and bleeding, the poor wretch is seized again before she can escape.

"Dreadful woman!" says the righteous passer-by. "Look how she is struggling with the poor policemen!"

Police identifications are the veriest farces. A red-haired man has been arrested charged with defrauding servant girls. A dozen passers-by are requested to step into the station. They are ranged along the wall of a room, and the prisoner is placed amongst them. Then the witnesses are called in and are requested to pick out the man who is alleged to be guilty.

THE IDENTIFICATION FARCE.

The prisoner is the only red-haired man present, and red hair was the one thing that the servant girls remembered about the man who defrauded them of their savings. Is it to be wondered at that they are unanimous in asserting that here indeed is the man? Any red-haired man of the same age would, under these circumstances, be identified with equal unanimity.

In police courts the trials are little more than ceremonies. How often is a prisoner acquitted?

Constables who are witnesses in a case are allowed to remain in court and to listen to the evidence given by comrades whose testimony they have to corroborate. The injustice is obvious. The policeman, anxious to improve his own position and to show well in the eyes of the Bench, adapts his story to that already told. As in Scotch courts and in important criminal courts in England, all witnesses should be rigorously excluded till they have given their evidence.

I should be sorry if my remarks in regard to the inefficiency of the police courts were taken as applying to the magistrates, who are, in almost every instance, men of great discrimination and common sense. Frequently they submit the police witnesses to such a cross-examination that their "evidence" falls to the ground like a house of cards.

What then is the punishment of the constable thus caught in the act of perjury? He is simply removed to another part of London. In this way he is taken out of the district where the cases are tried before this particular magistrate.

Mr. Cluer, the magistrate at Old-Street, has complained times out of number to the authorities of Scotland Yard on this very point, but he recently admitted that he has now given up complaining because he found it was absolutely no use.

AFTER ONE FALSE STEP.

The man who has once been convicted finds it all but impossible ever again to earn an honest living. Detectives keep a constant eye upon released prisoners, and when they apply for situations their prospective employer is informed as to their record. Can it be wondered at that in time these men tire of making an effort which is thus rendered fruitless, and that they become habitual criminals?

It is, however, in the case of the sisters of sin that we find the injustice of police methods most rampant.

I have already endeavoured to give in this series some idea of the state of Piccadilly and Oxford-Street at night, and so numerous are the immoral women in these thoroughfares that a London magistrate recently asserted that no respectable woman should traverse these streets on any account after ten o'clock. The existence of the outcasts is a breach of the law, and it is the duty of the police to suppress them, and yet their numbers multiply every year. Again, why?

At every London police court there is a daily procession of these unfortunates, who are convicted on the unsupported evidence of the police and are sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. If it has been your hobby to explore the streets after dark, as it has been mine, you would at such a sordid tribunal fail to discover the face of any of the notorious transgressors.

UNFORTUNATES.

The women who are arrested and sentenced are almost exclusively newcomers. The police must show these women their power; their arrest is a convincing object lesson.

After that when the novice is fully drafted into the sisterhood of sin, she is left alone.

Again, why? Permit me to sketch a little picture. In rustling silks and enveloped in a cloud of heavy perfume, a woman saunters up Regent-Street. The policeman, in uniform or plain clothes as the case may be, overtakes her and when he is a few yards in front puts his hand behind his back, palm upwards.

Why?

Why does he stop presently and take something from a shop window sill? What has he found? Only a cigarette paper—perhaps.

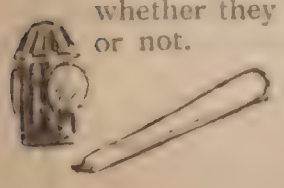
Thus it is so difficult to "secure evidence" against the habitual offenders, but public opinion demands that a certain number of women shall be arrested, for otherwise it would seem that the police are making no effort to cope with the matter. Where are the arrests to come from? Why is it that the women charged are always the poor ones?

A CASE.

Nothing like facts. Mrs. Burrows, a respectable lady, was charged recently with keeping her flat in Kensington in a disorderly manner. The police said that from time to time she was visited by one Ada Elms, whom they described as Flash Ada, and branded as a sister of sin. The young lady in this case—accused of the most horrible offence that could be laid to the charge of an honourable woman—submitted to a medical examination, when it was shown that the accusation against her was not only untrue but absolutely impossible.

What amends were made to these two ladies? Merely a grant of three guineas towards the expenses of their defence. In spite of the gross injustice of the case they may consider themselves lucky, for other innocent women have not been so fortunate in clearing themselves from a similar charge. STUART FREEMAN.

[*A further article of this series will appear next week.*—ED.]



COMFORT for TRAVELLERS

CHRISTMAS TRIPS MADE PLEASANT.

Few men know how to make themselves comfortable when travelling in an ordinary carriage overnight. You must sleep or you will be unfit for anything the following day, but the sleep that most railway passengers enjoy is fitful and uncertain, and they wake up in the morning with extreme physical discomfort.

If you are making an all-night journey, have a look at the carriages before you take your ticket.

Some firsts and seconds are provided with one or two immovable arms along the seat, which make it impossible for you to stretch yourself out. Under these conditions you will, of course, choose a third.

If you intend sleeping throughout the journey it is much better to select a non-smoker. Not only is it less likely to be crowded, but you will also avoid the smell of other people's tobacco when you yourself are not indulging in the weed.

MAKING A BED.

Get if possible a whole seat to yourself, and, if the cushion is movable, pull it up and curl in one end to form a pillow. If the cushion is fixed down, arrange a handbag or an overcoat to serve the same purpose.

Above all things, whether you are able to stretch out or are obliged to sit up, take off your boots. Tired feet are the greatest discomfort that the sleeping traveller suffers from, and if the boots are removed this is avoided.

A paper can be spread to keep the socks from coming in contact with the grit on the floor of the carriage.

Sixpence given to the guard is a good investment if you want a carriage to yourself. He has ways and means of keeping other people out. Sometimes the things he says about you are not very complimentary. He may suggest to intending invaders of your privacy that you are suffering from an infectious disease, or that you are a little wrong in the head, but you remain blissfully unconscious of his methods, and only reap the benefit of them.

Those who suffer from train sickness should avoid eating for at least an hour before starting the journey, and should on no account either eat or drink during it. Tea or alcoholic liquor immediately before a long railway journey is peculiarly liable to cause sickness. Facing the engine helps in some cases, but it is not so effective a precaution as the regulation of the diet.

BORES.

Every traveller of experience has encountered the passenger who talks politics or recounts stale stories. It is generally advisable to exchange a word or two with your fellow passengers at the beginning of a long journey, and the talker takes advantage of this and would bore you to distraction unless you devised some means of escape. To change into another carriage is not always practicable.

I have found by experience that the best plan is to pretend to fall asleep. Even when your eyelids drop he may continue to harangue you, but he will presently desist.

Wherever possible send your luggage in advance. Not only does this save you the trouble of looking after it, but you can also economise on the many tips you would otherwise have to give guards and porters, and very often you are enabled to dispense with a cab to and from the station, as the railway company deliver the luggage within a certain radius by their own vans.

On no account leave old labels on your luggage. Some do this from vanity, to show that they are globe-trotters, but the practice accounts for the going astray of many a valuable portmanteau.

Where you are obliged to carry a good deal of luggage with you, never forget to tip the porters suitably. They have ways of their own by which they intimate to the servants at the other end that you are a stingy passenger. For instance, if the label is pasted on vertically, the porter at your destination gathers that you are mean, and you find your luggage neglected and possibly bashed about on the platform.

PERSONAL AND OTHER LUGGAGE.

While on the subject of luggage, it may be mentioned that a student may take his books, a workman his tools, a sportsman his gun into the carriage with him; but less personal belongings may be removed by the railway servants to the guard's van.

A railway company is not bound to carry you by a certain train if you get on at an intermediate station. Its contract with you in this case is merely to convey you from one place to another, but there is no fixed time when they must do it.

On the other hand if you purchase your ticket at a terminus, the company is bound to take you to your destination by the next train that starts. Should it be full up, they had no business to serve you with a ticket, and you may insist that another carriage be attached for your benefit.

Never miss your train because you have not purchased a ticket. Provided you say frankly on reaching your destination that you had not time to buy one, the railway cannot punish you, for there is no intention on your part of defrauding them; neither can they demand the full fare from the place where the train started; they generally say they can, but the threat has no foundation in law. You are bound to pay for the actual journey you have made, but not for anything more.

RETURN TICKETS.

If a return ticket costs just double the price of a single one you can come back with the return half at any time, although the companies usually fix the limit at six months.

If your return ticket costs more than a single, but less than twice a single, you can come back when you like provided you pay the difference between the cost of your ticket and a double fare; this again in spite of the week's, month's, or any other limit that may be fixed by the company.

Look out for cheap fares. Very often a company issues an excursion ticket at a cheap price to some popular resort just a little beyond the town you want to go to. If the station of this town is an open one you can get off at it on the Saturday and get on on the Monday without any trouble. For instance, you could save a considerable sum by taking a cheap return to Weston-super-Mare when you want to go to Bristol.

WM. THOMPSON.

KITCHENER'S DEVICE.

Ever since he set foot in India Lord Kitchener has been studying the language, till now he speaks it like a native, a thing that very few Europeans have ever managed to do, as Hindustani is uncommonly difficult. It is the same wherever he goes; he is not happy till he knows the tongue of the country.

This he turned to good account on one occasion during the last Soudan war. One night a Dervish spy was brought into camp. He refused to give any reply when spoken to, so they marched him into a tent securely guarded. Presently another and yet a third were caught, and they also were bundled into the tent.

"I wish the Sirdar were here," said the officer in command. "He understands their lingo, and he'd get something out of them."

Presently the three spies were heard talking together, and half-an-hour later the last arrival came out and requested in English to be brought before the commanding officer.

Great was that gentleman's surprise when he learnt that the third spy was none other than Kitchener, who had successfully passed himself off as a Dervish and found out all he wanted to know about the enemy's plans.

COIN TRICKS.

FOR CHRISTMAS PARTY MYSTIFICATION.

One of the simplest and most bewildering tricks depends upon the principle of inertia. Place on the edge of the table a piece of note-paper, so that half rests on the table and half projects beyond. Upon the supported half balance a coin on its edge so that you view it end on when you look along the paper. A new penny is best, as its rim is flat.

The trick is to remove the paper without causing the coin to topple over.

If you attempt to pull out the paper ever so gently, the coin will move and fall, but if you take a short stick such as a ruler and bring it down with force and speed upon the projecting half of the paper, the paper will be whipped out and the coin will remain in its position.

With a prepared coin it is extremely easy to guess heads or tails while somebody else spins the coin on a table and while you remain with your back towards it.

On the head side of the coin you make near the edge a tiny nick, so that a point of the metal protrudes beyond the circle. When the coin is gradually settling down tails uppermost, the little projection touches the table and brings it to rest suddenly. When heads are uppermost, there is nothing to interfere with the natural settling of the coin, and it takes some time to come to rest.

With a little practice your ear will tell you the difference between the sounds made by the two sides, and you will be able to guess infallibly.

To make a penny disappear is very simple. Rub one side with sandpaper till it is perfectly smooth, and have that side silver-plated. Now procure a small tin box such as is used for ointment; see that it is so shallow that the penny could not possibly be turned over in it.

Pass the box round your audience for inspection, draw a handful of coins from your pocket, and select the doctored penny. Hold the copper side up to the audience, and then place it in the box so that the silver side is uppermost. Shake the box to show that the penny is there, mutter some magic spell, take off the lid, and again carry round the box for inspection.

Owing to the shadow caused by the sides of the box, and the close resemblance between the silver-plated penny and the tin of the bottom, it will be impossible for the audience to see the penny, provided you do not allow them to peer into the box too closely.

If silver-plating is inconvenient, you may enamel one side of the penny and the bottom of the box the same colour.

The soluble penny trick is very amusing. Get a lady's watch glass the size of a penny, and hide it up your sleeve. Borrow a penny and a handkerchief. Let the glass slip down into your hand, and, while you pretend to shake the handkerchief to show that it is empty, slip the penny up your sleeve, and fold up the piece of glass in the handkerchief.

The audience will now see what they imagine to be the penny covered by the fabric.

Next take a tumbler filled with water, and place the handkerchief with the supposed penny over it, so that the tumbler is hidden from the spectators. Release the watch glass and allow it to fall into the water. If there is perfect silence it may be heard clinking against the sides of the tumbler as it falls.

Now lift the handkerchief, and the penny will apparently have vanished, for the glass will lie at the bottom of the tumbler invisible. The audience is much mystified, for they heard the penny inside the tumbler.

Place a sixpence on the table, and over it put an inverted tumbler supported at two sides by pennies. Now challenge anyone to remove the sixpence from beneath the tumbler without touching the coin or lifting the glass.

Simply scratch the tablecloth near the glass, and the sixpence will gradually come towards you, owing to the motion being conveyed to it by means of the cloth.

HARRY BAIN.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

HOCUSSED.

By JACK WEBSTER.

"Isaac Lewis" was the sole inscription upon the card which the landlady of The Falcon handed to Jim Drake, her lodger. Jim was a jockey, little but tough, and he had a trick of biting his finger nails when he was puzzled about anything.

He bit them now as he looked at the card.

"Who the deuce can it be?" he asked. "I don't know anybody of this name. What is he like?"

"Well," said the landlady, for her hotel was a noted rendezvous of sportsmen, "he's not what I'd call a thoroughbred. There's more than a bit of the Jew in his pedigree I should think."

"Um!" remarked Jim. "I don't like that sort of cattle much, but I'll see him."

Accordingly he descended to the saloon bar where Mr. Isaac Lewis was awaiting him. Mr. Lewis was most affable and began the interview by offering the jockey a drink, but Drake was not having any, for it was only two days before the great race and he was in strict training.

The Jew was obviously nonplussed at his refusal, and opened his mouth several times as if about to say something important, but he appeared to think better of it and drifted off into trivialities. At last, however, he dragged his chair close to Jim and grinned into his face.

"Yours is a hard life, isn't it? Not much chance of making money in your line. Now, I suppose a chap like yourself could do with a few hundreds, couldn't you?"

"Yes," replied Drake innocently, "a few hundreds would come in very acceptable at the present moment."

He was thinking of the girl who had promised to marry him if he would only give up the dangerous trade of a steeplechase jockey. He was mad to have her, and she was willing to have him, but not so long as he carried his life in his hands.

"Jim," she had said, and he remembered every word of it, "you get together some money and open a shop or start a business of some kind, and I'll marry you that very day, but as long as you risk your neck every other week you don't find me becoming Mrs. Drake."

The Jew moved his chair still nearer, and bent over his companion till Jim could not help noticing the brownish white of his eyes and almost imagined that he smelt the evil aroma of his long teeth.

"Well," said Mr. Lewis, in the most confidential and ingratiating of whispers, "the chance is yours, you know. I'd give you £500 if Crabtree failed to win the Grand National."

At this Jim sprang to his feet, and Mr. Lewis was so much alarmed that he mis-managed matters in trying to get out of his way, his chair tipped over and he fell with some violence upon his back on the floor of the bar.

At the downfall of his enemy Jim's heart softened, and he helped the Jew to his feet.

"Mr." he said, "I'm not as big as you, but I reckon I could give you a good sound kicking before you managed to reach the front door, and I'll do it if you ever so much as breathe the suggestion that I should have anything to do with hocussing a horse. There's crime and crime, but that kind of game is worse in my mind than burglary or anything else. I would have you know that I love horses, and I would rather do myself an injury than hurt one of them unnecessarily."

This remark suggested a new train of thought to the fertile brain of Mr. Lewis, but for some little time he was too much alarmed to voice it. He sat nervously playing with a cigarette and once almost inserting the lit end in his mouth, and he might have remained in this state of indecision for an indefinite period had not Jim brought him to his senses.

"Look here," he said, "you're thinking of something. Spit it out."

"Well," said Mr. Lewis, "well, Mr. Drake, sir, well——"

"Go on," said Jim with a threatening look, and the Jew, now terrified lest physical chastisement might await him whatever he said or did, thought it best to blurt out the truth and take his chance.

"I was just thinking," he said, "that it might be possible to get over your scruples in this little matter. You say you would not consent to hocussing a horse, but perhaps you would not object to taking a little something yourself that would just put you off your riding a bit but do you no harm in the end."

Jim did not look so angry as he had done on the previous occasion, and the Jew gained confidence.

"It would be very simple you know," Mr. Lewis continued, "just before the race I would manage to give you a little pill, and you would swallow it. It would only mean that you wouldn't ride as well as usual, and, as everybody knows, in a steeplechase as much depends on the jockey as on the horse; so the horse would lose. Don't you answer me now," he said, "you think it over."

Mr. Lewis was no fool, and it was a diplomatic move on his part to get up there and then and leave the bar without giving the jockey time to reply.

That night Jim Drake lay awake pondering over the suggestion the Jew had made. £500 seemed a gigantic reward for doing a little thing like swallowing a pill. It would be the means of setting him up in business and would let him marry the girl he wanted so badly.

Into his motives and into the weakness of his conclusions it is not necessary for the mere historian to enter. It is sufficient to say that by the time morning arrived he had decided to meet the Jew half way. That evening Lewis called again, and this time found Jim in the saloon bar sipping a glass of soda and waiting for him.

"Well," said Mr. Lewis, "what do you think of my proposal?"

"I think," replied Jim, "that I am going to consent—on certain conditions," he added as the Jew's hand flashed out to grasp his own, "and for goodness' sake don't touch me with that filthy paw. I make it a condition that when you hand me the money and the pill you are to wear gloves. I might get some horrible disease if I touched your skin, and anyway it makes me shudder."

"And what is your condition?" asked Mr. Lewis anxiously.

"Simply this," replied Jim. "The record time for the Grand National is 9 minutes 42 seconds. Now I will take the pill only on condition that you give me it in an envelope sealed by a doctor and containing a sworn statement that the drug will not act on me for nine minutes. I will take it just as we start, and if I don't win that race in nine minutes I won't be able to win it at all."

"But that would be impossible," said the Jew; "I could not pay you money and take a chance like that."

Jim pointed out to him that it was almost an impossibility to reduce the record by nearly a minute, and that the chances of his pulling off the race were therefore very small. The Jew, as Jews do, endeavoured to strike a better bargain, but Jim brought matters to a head by rising to his feet and threatening to put an end to the interview unless his terms were immediately accepted, and, driven thus into a corner, Mr. Lewis made a hasty calculation on a scrap of newspaper concerning profit and loss, and then agreed to do as Drake suggested.

"And you'll give me the £500 note at the same time as you give me the pill," said Jim.

"Yes," said the Jew, "I suppose I'll have to."

And with many protestations that inevitable ruin stared him in the face, Mr. Lewis took himself off. Next day shortly before the race he handed Drake an envelope. A hasty examination showed that he had played the game straight and that the contents consisted of a £500 note, a doctor's certificate and a grey pill.

Though tempted by the chance of becoming independent, Jim had begun to feel the keenest remorse after coming to terms with the Jew, but obstinacy forbade him to back out of the agreement he had made. And so, while Mr. Lewis made a few more bets against Crabtree, Jim kept the pellet between his fingers and waited for the moment when he would have to place it in his mouth.

What he dreaded most was that there should be a false start. If that occurred he would lose several valuable minutes and it would be a sure thing that the drug would have done its work before he reached the winning post. In this respect, however, luck smiled upon him, for the start was an ideal one. Just as the flag dropped he placed the pellet in his mouth, and off dashed Crabtree like an arrow from the bow.

Four and a half miles over such country as the Aintree course is a very hard thing to do in 9 minutes 42 seconds, and the task of lowering this record seemed to Jim well nigh impossible. Immediately after swallowing the pellet, however, he became so keenly ashamed of himself that he cared little whether he lived or not, and it is courage above all other qualities that tells in the Grand National.

His riding that day was commented on by every paper in the country, but none knew the thoughts that formed his stimulus. At one jump Crabtree stumbled, and Jim was shot upon her neck, but with an effort he regained his seat and spurred gamely on.

The spectators cheered lustily as they saw the colours of Crabtree pushing past all others, for the horse was one of the favourites and the win would be a popular one, but there was one spectator who was so annoyed that he nibbled his moustache till he bit the point off one side of it, and thus increased his personal uncomeliness which was already sufficiently great. This gentleman was Mr. Isaac Lewis.

For a moment Daredevil ran neck and neck with Crabtree, but little by little Jim pushed his mount forward, and won the race by a bare length.

As soon as he was past the post Jim fell forward upon his horse's neck and dropped to the ground unconscious. A hundred willing hands picked him up and a doctor promptly came to his assistance.

"There has been some foul work here," said the practitioner, "this man has been drugged."

But, when he recovered, Jim held his tongue, and he did the same about the £500 note which he posted that evening to the Jockeys' Charity.

"I was a fool to agree," he said that night as he got into bed, "but I've got rid of the dirty money, and I'll sleep like an honest man."

A FOREWORD.

I have commissioned various contributors who possess special knowledge to write these sketches of Christmas in all sorts of places. The contrasts in some instances are grim, but I have every confidence in recommending the result to my readers.—YOUR EDITOR.

IN THE ARMY.

The bareness of the barrack room is hidden by evergreens and festoons of coloured tissue; lanterns and fairy lights are awaiting the touch of a taper; mottoes, complimentary, sarcastic and humorous are everywhere; above the door of the guard-room is the inscription "Home Sweet Home."

Every company has planned and plotted how to make its room the most attractive, but an impartial judge could scarcely say which is best, for all are excellent.

Church parade is over, and the captain has peeped in to see that everything is ready.

The men grin happily at the table, laden with the turkeys, geese, puddings, beer and good things that have been purchased with the grant from the canteen fund, the game which the officers have presented, and the trophies the men have won in inter-regimental athletic contests.

"'Shun!"

The men rise to their feet at the sergeant-major's command, and next moment the officers come in to drink the company's health.

It is a fairly severe test even to a seasoned veteran to have to consume in the middle of the day eight glasses of port of different brands, and the legs of the young subalterns will be unsteady as they return to their quarters, but that is none of our business.

To the room of every company the officers must go and they must drink that company's health—and they do it with right good will.

"I drink to the health of Company A," says the Colonel, and the men sing "He's a jolly good fellow," sending the refrain along the passages; the soldiers in the other rooms hear it and know they will not have much longer to wait.

The departure of the officers is the signal for falling to, and the rest of the afternoon is spent in feasting.

For once the most confirmed grumbler has no fault to find with the quality of the fare, and the most notorious glutton looks sorrowfully at the amount left when he has eaten to repletion.

The evening goes in a sing-song.

It doesn't matter very much whether the ditties are about mother, the old brigade or Simla Flo, provided they have choruses that a man knows or can pick up and shout to his heart's content.

Presently a veteran is called upon to sing and, his voice not being what it was, he offers a story instead. It deals with a glorious scrap in which the regiment figured, and the men applaud till their hands ache.

Next day there are regimental sports, and the headaches, if there be any, are quickly worked off.

H. GRAY-REID.

THE CONVICT'S CHRISTMAS.

Peace and goodwill!

From beyond the walls I could hear the merry shout of a warder's children.

The morning was cold, but they would be well clad and would be thinking of the steaming dinner that their mother was preparing.

As I shivered in my thin brown suit, and rubbed my hands together to keep myself from freezing, my heart sank with sheer envy.

Good-will is an impossible thought for the man with an empty stomach.

Nine o'clock. This was not quite so bad. In the exercise yard I could look upon the other wretches, and with them, even the worst and most depraved, I could feel sympathy.

The warder was impatient because he had not got Christmas leave, but even so his heart was less hard than usual, and, when another prisoner wished me a merry Christmas as I passed him, the warder pretended not to hear; but he smiled at the irony of the thing.

Ten o'clock. We filed into chapel to listen to the clergyman droning mechanically through his work. What he said reminded the unhappy audience of the Christmas gospel they had heard at school and church, and the tears rolled down many a cheek.

At eleven it was over, and we returned to our cells to await our Christmas dinner which would be thrust in at our doors at noon.

There was nothing to look forward to, for there would be no deviation from the ordinary rations. Soup, made from half-rancid pork, and a chunk of bread—that was the order of this day, and that was what we got.

Then came the worst time of all. It being Christmas day there was no work, and we were left to our thoughts.

What mine were would not interest you, but if I had had another such day I should have gone mad.

Half-past three. Chapel again. The service was as dreary as the other, but it lasted only thirty minutes.

Then came another spell of exercise. There was some comfort in that, for in moving about you could keep yourself from thinking. But it was soon over, and once more we were locked in our dismal cells.

The flickering gas jet only half dispelled the darkness, and the bare walls looked more dungeon like than ever.

From the governor's house came the tinkling notes of a piano and the mellow sound of a woman's voice.

At seven we had weak cocoa and bread, and soon after the lights were put out.

Our Christmas Day was done. R. GERVAISE.

IN THE GARRET.

"Will Santa Claus come down the chimney, muvver, same as he does in the books?"

The child is more than doubtful, for he has learned in his short experience that he seldom shares in those joys that are supposed to belong to the child world.

"Hush, my darling!" whispers his mother. "Don't speak of these things or you will break my heart."

She has been trying bravely not to remember the bright happy Christmases of the days gone by, but her memory will no longer be stifled, and she covers her face with her hands.

The little boy climbs into her lap and kisses her—just like his father used to do.

The stocking is hung up, and the next morning the child finds a penny toy in it.

In his glee over his discovery he does not connect its appearance with the fact that his mother pretends to have lost her appetite and denies herself breakfast. PETER GILCHRIST.

IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.

Sweep upon sweep of snow-covered land stretches on every side of the house.

The crackling, frosty air sends the snow piling up the window panes, and when the door is opened an icy blast rushes in, sending the flying sparks from the blazing logs up the chimney with renewed vigour.

The hunters are frost-bound in their stables, and men and women have sought their amusement in the snow laden coverts or on the glassy lake.

Their faces glow with colour, and their eyes sparkle as they come in, and their clothes hold the clean, crisp air and bring it into the rooms.

The shuttered windows are curtained. The servants are bustling.

Black clothes would be out of place, and so the men dress themselves in hunting pink, and the women glitter in their dazzling jewels.

In the servants' hall the fun is fast and furious, and in the midst of it the master, his lady and their guests come in for a few minutes to dance with the servants, in token of good-will to all the world. Then back to the stately ball-room to waltz till the small hours. NORMAN CHEYNE.

IN THE NAVY.

The great ship rides at anchor in the harbour. The water seems black by reason of the leaden sky and in contrast with the rim of snow that fringes it.

Though it is early morning, savoury smells come from the galley, for the cook has broken the regulations and has kept his fires going all night, so that the meat, birds and puddings may be in readiness.

The second-leave men do not envy their first-leave comrades now. It is good to spend Christmas with the old folks, but furlough means getting more or less broke, and anyhow the liberty men could not have a better time than that in store for their duty messmates.

There is work to be done this morning, but the brass is already gleaming, and the decks are platter white; the labour is but a formality.

Shortly before twelve the captain and his officers inspect the messes, and the choicest dainties from every table are forced upon them. Then the dinner begins, and a double ration of grog is used to wash it down.

The meal itself is not with Jack the main thing—possibly because he has a pernicious habit of eating on Christmas Day an inordinately large breakfast; it is the skylarking that follows that makes the occasion long remembered.

The ship's minstrel troup surpasses itself in jest and song, and the men yell refrains to the additional accompaniment of any musical instruments they may possess, and those who have none thump upon a mess tin.

In the evening there is dancing, and throughout it all much smoking.

Usually the men are forbidden to smoke in their messes, but to-day they may do so till midnight; even the boys, who all the rest of the year are prohibited from smoking, produce the pipes that they always carry concealed about them, and puff to their hearts' delight and their stomachs' detriment. R. D. SYKES.

THE CHEAP JACK.

A SKETCH.

"Now," says the street auctioneer, beaming upon his audience, whose faces shine in the light of the flare lamps, "'ere's a solid rolled-gold watch, gentleman's size, jewelled in every hole and more, warranted to keep as good time as a police-watch, dog-watch or wotcherlike. There's no need for tick on your mattress if you have this watch ticking under your pillow. Now what do you bid? A quid? Shill'n? Tanner? Well, 'pon my word, you people surprise me. Nobody offers a tanner for a solid, water-marked timepiece that the King himself might be proud to wear? Well, well, we'll try something else."

And he bundles his watches into a cardboard box, using a violence that must be sadly damaging to their alleged value. He looks at the crowd sadly, shakes his head and undoes the string of another box.

"'Ere, people!" he yells with renewed vigour. "I ain't come here for my health's sake only. I must make some money if I'm ruined in the doing of it. This is my day off," he continues in a confidential whisper. "I've a line of fountain pens here that I'm positively going to throw away as mementoes. This is a pen Hall Caine might use, and he'd probably write better if he did. It's a pen you can rely on. You can pick your teeth with it and it won't do it no 'arm. Now who says 'alf-a-guinea?"

But again the people reply not to their benefactor.

"'Ere!" he shouts. "Seven-and-six, five bob, half-a-crown. A bob! And with each I'll give away a handsome present."

The gambling instinct in a small boy prompts him to hold up his only shilling, and the pen changes hands. There is a brief pause, during which the auctioneer searches in a Gladstone bag. Then he brings forth a half-crown.

"'Ere, sonny," he resumes, "'ere's your little present. 'Alf-a-dollar! I've plenty more pens, ladies and gentlemen. Who says another?"

The people are thinking, and their benefactor gives them time to work it out. Here is a pen, they say, that we'd have to pay sixpence for in any shop, and he's giving them away with eighteenpence to the bargain.

They have just come to the decision that the speculation seems a promising one, when the auctioneer starts again.

"Now," he says, "fountain-pens at a bob a time; and I give a handsome present with each. If you don't want them I'll pass on to something else."

But the people fear to lose the chance, and begin to nibble. Then they push one another in their effort to reach the gangways on which his two child assistants are shrieking: "Shillin' buys the fountain-pen!" at the top of their voices. The crush becomes so great that there is danger of these slim gangways being forced off their supporting trestles.

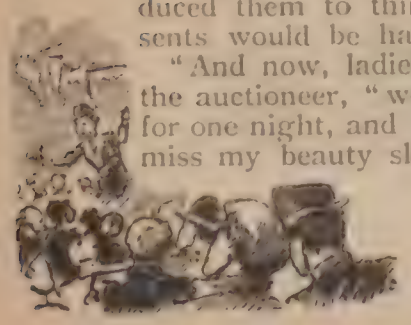
Presently the large stock of fountain-pens is sold out, and the child assistants have left the gangways and taken up their places close to their master. Their faces show none of that keen expectation depicted on the countenances of the crowd, for they know what is going to happen. They have been there before.

"And now," resumes the merchant, "I shall hand out my presents. "'Ere!" addressing his helpers, "give one of these to each lady and gentleman who shows you one of my fountain-pens."

And while he speaks, the two boys are giving to each astonished purchaser a tin pencil-point protector, worth rather less than a farthing, and the speculators of shillings feel humiliated rather than angry.

It was their own lack of judgment that induced them to think that all subsequent presents would be half-crowns.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," continues the auctioneer, "we have done enough business for one night, and I must toddle home or I shall miss my beauty sleep." GEORGE BULCRAIG.



MY NOTEBOOK.

GREETING. If there is one difficulty more than another with which the journalist is beset, it is the expression of old facts in new ways.

I want to say an old, a trite, but not an out-of-date thing, and, though I have racked my brains I can hit upon no new way of saying it.

Therefore I shall first explain why I feel it, so that the old expression may not seem so tame.

You, my readers, have done more for me than you know. The success of THE MODERN MAN meant more to me than you have an inkling of—more than I am going to tell you, for there are some things that a man keeps to himself; he feels strongly about them, but he won't mention them in his writing. She would object if he did.

It is sufficient for me to say that to every reader I am deeply indebted, and therefore I hope that you will believe me sincere when at this Christmas time I wish you that old, old wish, which came from God himself—peace and good-will.

May your Christmas, my reader, be joyous, and may the coming year hold for you all that is in your heart.

I hope you feel the same towards me.

CHESS AND SUICIDE. It is a very common practice for young business men in London to bolt their mid-day meal and devote the greater part of their lunch hour to chess; generally there is some small bet attached to the game, or else a book or some trifle is purchased jointly and given to the winner of a certain number of matches.

I am by no means a strait-laced person, and I have not the faintest objection to the making of small bets. It is the game of chess itself that I condemn.

I take it that the lunch hour furnishes the average man with his best—perhaps his only—time for converse with his fellows. It is then he is likely to pick up facts that will bring him in money sooner or later. When he plays chess instead of chatting, he deprives himself of these opportunities.

In the second place chess exacts concentrated attention and mental effort, and the man who plays his best for half-an-hour is pretty well done up at the end of it.

I have kept my most terrible indictment for the last. It is that chess has in itself a most injurious effect upon the brain. Practically every chess player of note has gone mad.

The last case of the kind was the attempted suicide of Harry Pillsbury.

In the past Zukertort became imbecile, as also did Neumann and Kieseritzky. Goring took his own life, and Buckie made an unsuccessful attempt to do so.

Chess, I should think, is just about as dangerous as intemperance. I know of no other game that is so fascinating. Even if you are fully aware of the dangers of it, you disregard them and determine to beat your opponent at all hazards.

MY OWN EXPERIENCE. I remember when I was a boy developing an extraordinary liking for chess. In the winter evenings I played with an elder sister, and so keen did I become on the game that even when spring arrived and the nights were suitable for outdoor amusements I still elected to stop inside and play chess.

Possibly I might have become an incurable victim to its fascinations had it not been for the strong-mindedness of my only available partner.

She closed the board, packed the men in their box and laid them on the top of the piano, with the assurance that I was becoming too fond of it and she would never play with me again.

I fretted about it at the time, I remember, but her mind was made up and protest was useless. I have not touched a chess-man since that night.

IS MOTOR RACING SPORT? The other day I attended a motor race meeting, and I came to the conclusion that it was very dull.

In the case of a horse race, you look upon the competitors as they file past you, and, even if you do not bet, you pick out your fancy and back it theoretically.

We all imagine that we know something about horses, and the intelligent amateur is nearly as likely to guess the winner as is a professionally horsey man. With motors it is different. All the spectator can judge by is the size and shape of the car.

Even if he be an expert he can but hazard a guess as to the car's make, for its engines are concealed from view and may be of an entirely different pattern from what the chassis would lead him to expect. To bet on a motor race would therefore be the height of folly; you would be gambling absolutely in the dark.

WHAT THE DRIVERS SAY. As a spectacle a motor race is not very entertaining. The track is immensely long, and watching the cars from one end of it you do not realise that they are travelling at any exceptional speed; it is only when they flash past the spot where you are standing that you realise their enormous velocity, and even then they are away so quickly that you have scarcely seen them.

I have spoken to several racing motorists and have been assured in every instance that nothing could be more exciting than to drive a car in an important race. Your engines are sound, you have carefully examined every wheel and lever, but the element of chance still looms large; it is after all but a machine, and at some sharp turn you may be pitched out and killed.

This element of danger, and the courage which is called forth in facing it, makes motor racing—so far as the motorist is concerned—a sport in the highest sense of the word. But to the spectator it will remain an extremely uninteresting thing.

DAMN. "We can hear low language without paying a penny for it."

So writes a Bristol correspondent in reference to a story which recently appeared in these pages.

You may remember the tale. The driver of a horse-'bus was watching the motor which had spoiled his trade, and he said as he observed it crossing a rotten bridge: "If only it would just give way when the damned engine is above it!"

That is the sentence my reader kicks at, and I think he is an ass. The forceful adjective was just what the speaker would in real life have used under the circumstances, and my contributor was fully justified in reproducing the sentiment.

I am tired of books and papers that keep on the old goody-goody, canting lines.

It brings us to the whole question of swear-words.

I was speaking with a famous scholar the other day about men. "If a man hasn't got some dash in him," I said, "he isn't much good to himself or anybody else."

"If he hasn't got a damn in him," said my old friend. "That's much more emphatic and much truer."

Personally I draw the line at ever taking the name of the Deity in vain—it's wrong, ungrateful and silly. But I do use an occasional damn, and I don't think I sin greatly in doing it.

It's the old trouble and it demands the old test.

Take a man who wouldn't swear for worlds: take a man who, though not an habitual swearer, yet allows an occasional strong word to escape him.

Which is the better man? Don't answer from theory. Think of some two men you know. YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

LORD CHILWORTH: CRIMINAL.

REMARKABLE SERIES OF COMPLETE STORIES.

By J. PRESTWICK SHEED.

VII. THE EPISODE OF THE UNJUST JUDGE.

An angry rustle came from Chilworth's end of the table, and I saw that he had torn the newspaper he was reading; moreover the usual pallor had vanished from his face, yielding to that the blush of indignation which I knew boded ill for somebody.

"It is a disgrace to our whole system of justice," he said "that such a man as this should be upon the bench. Here is a poor clerk who leaves a situation in order to better his position. He discovers, however, that he has been swindled by the agent and that the new situation does not exist.

"His previous employer, a big City merchant, is indignant at the inconvenience caused by his leaving, and refuses to pay him the money he owes him; and so the clerk finding himself on his beam ends, goes to his old chief and asks for the payment of money he has earned. This is refused, and, the man being desperate, a quarrel starts and it ends in his knocking down the merchant.

"It is a case of common assault, and justifiable at that, but our police judge, Mr. Habgood, sentences him to six months' imprisonment, and further gives him a lecture on hooliganism, asserting that he is a danger to society, and making other foolish remarks. We owe Habgood something."

It was part of my duty under such circumstances to consult the other newspapers in order to verify the report, and I found that the version of it he had read was essentially accurate. By the time I had finished this little bit of research, Chilworth had discovered another item in the same paper which he handed to me for perusal:

"There is to be an interesting function to-night at the residence of Mr. Habgood the well-known magistrate, when a presentation consisting of a silver dinner service and a beautiful necklace of diamonds is to be made to him and his wife by his fellow judges and members of the police force.

"It is understood that it was by Mr. Habgood's own desire that the main part of the presentation is to consist of diamonds; he is a connoisseur in the matter of precious stones.

"Mr. Habgood is shortly to retire from the bench, and he will be much missed by all who know him. The ball which he is giving at his house to-night will be a function of especial interest, for it will include amongst many other legal and police celebrities M. Desterre the celebrated French advocate."

The sullen anger disappeared from Chilworth's face, and the light of eagerness took its place.

Immediately after breakfast we went to a motor garage in Shaftesbury Avenue, where we were closeted for a full quarter of an hour with the manager. Lord Chilworth explained that he was a wealthy manufacturer who was unfortunate enough to have a lunatic brother. It appeared that this brother had been abroad and was to arrive at Victoria that afternoon.

Would the manager supply a motor-car to meet him at the station and carry him direct to Bournemouth? Would he consent on the payment of a suitable sum to having the glass in the window of the brougham taken out and frosted glass put in its place?

The manufacturer did not wish to be seen by his friends driving through the streets with this lunatic relative.

The manager agreed to do all these things—at a price.

We next visited the offices of an illustrated paper and of several press photographers, and from them we secured photographs showing the noble countenance of M. Desterre from every point of view. The illustrated newspaper is extremely useful to the police—and others.

At 3 o'clock precisely the car came round to the Savoy Hotel where we had engaged rooms in order to justify the supposition that we did not reside in London. It was an exceptionally fine car, and rightly so, for Chilworth had paid an exceptionally stiff price. The chassis was long in proportion to the body of the carriage, and every line spoke so many miles an hour of speed.

Chilworth examined the whole turn-out and found it to be satisfactory. The enamel work was speckless, the driver and the footman who sat beside him were immaculate and dignified.

At 3.30 we were waiting on the Continental platform at Victoria, the motor humming and throbbing gently behind us, ready to start without a moment's delay. Presently the train came sliding into the station, the porters bustled about with their luggage barrows, and the passengers poured forth. Chilworth and I stood beside the engine waiting, for we did not care to risk missing our man.

Our task of picking him out was rendered difficult by the presence of many other French visitors, but at length we spied a gentleman who corresponded exactly with the photographs.

Chilworth advanced towards him and with courtesy, and yet great dignity, inquired whether he were M. Desterre. The passenger admitted that he was, and Chilworth then explained his reason for accosting him. His fluent French came in very useful; for my own part my acquaintance with the language was just sufficient to enable me to follow the drift of his speech.

"I," said Chilworth, "am Colonel Selwyn, and I have been deputed by his Majesty the King to meet you here. His Majesty is extremely sorry that he was not sooner made acquainted with the fact that you proposed to visit London, and he trusts that you will accept an invitation to visit him at Buckingham Palace although it is given in this rather informal manner. You see there was no time for writing."

The little moustache and imperial of the French advocate bristled with excitement, and his eyes twinkled with delight. He was charmed, too highly honoured, proud to be the guest of the King of friendly England.

He accompanied us to the buffet, where we cracked together a bottle of champagne, drinking to one another and to the friendly relations of the two countries. For a moment I secured his undivided attention, and at that instant Chilworth dropped a little globule into his glass, unobserved either by the advocate or the barmaid. Then we conducted him to the waiting motor-car and showed him in, taking our places beside him.

Immediately he was seated Chilworth drew up one of the windows and I raised the other, and at once, as we expected, the suspicions of our captive were aroused.

He asked first whether all British motor-cars had frosted windows, and then he began to grow frightened and requested to be permitted to alight even at the risk of offending the King.

Finally he made a grab for the handle of the door, but I caught him by the shoulders, pressed him back on his seat and held him there till the drug began to work. I did not have long to wait, for in less than five minutes his chin dropped down on his breast.

On the Portsmouth road, just beyond Surbiton we signalled to the driver to stop, and we two got out.

"Drive to the Sceptre Hotel at Bournemouth," said Chilworth. "My friend here has become ill, so we shall follow on by train. I wish you on no account to stop even if my brother in the car signals to you to do so. I regret to say that he is not responsible for his actions, as doubtless your manager explained to you."

The driver looked knowing, touched his cap and drove off, and we took train back to town.

That evening Chilworth spent a solid hour in front of his looking glass, affixing an imperial and a black moustache to his chin and upper lip, adding a little colour here and a little pencilling there to bring his face into conformity with that of the advocate.

When he was finished the likeness was very passable, and as it was now ten o'clock we set off for Mr. Habgood's reception.

Chilworth had already inspired the evening papers to say that the Frenchman had been received by the King, and Mr. Habgood, basking in reflected glory, gave us a most cordial and hearty welcome when we shook hands with him at the top of the staircase, for Chilworth had been guilty of the slight inaccuracy of announcing himself as M. Desterre, and myself as an intimate friend whom he had taken the liberty of bringing with him.

Mr. Habgood asked how the King was looking, as if his Majesty were an intimate friend, and Chilworth gave a brief but glowing account of the interview, mentioning casually that his Majesty had said something about a baronetcy and about the name of Habgood.

Our host beamed and insisted on shaking us again by the hand.

This was the psychological moment, and Chilworth informed him that he was desolated to think that it was quite impossible for him to stop very long. Might we have the privilege of seeing the jewels with which a grateful nation was presenting Mr. Habgood?

For the safety of the jewels the rule had been made that they were not to be exhibited before the presentation ceremony was actually performed, but this rule Mr. Habgood willingly broke in our favour.

He ushered us past the three policemen who guarded the door of the room, switched on the electric light and showed us the glittering trinkets. We did not stop long, and, when we had left, our host switched off the light and was closing the door behind him, when suddenly Chilworth announced that he had dropped his handkerchief, and returned to the room for it.

Our host was about to switch on the light to assist him in his search, but I slipped my arm about his neck with French exuberance, and whispered in his ear that my friend treasured the handkerchief because it had been presented to him by a lady.

I did not release him till Chilworth joined us a moment later.

We thanked our host cordially, mixed with the other guests for a little and presently bade him good-bye and left the house.

Just as we reached the red carpet crossing the pavement, there drew up a motor-car from which emerged a gesticulating and justly indignant Frenchman, the gentleman whom we had drugged that afternoon.

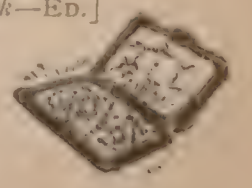
We learned afterwards that the car had broken down, as cars will do, and that just then the captive had come to his senses and made a bolt for it, returning to town at the earliest moment.

"Another minute," said Chilworth, "and we should have been caught. It is these little risks that make the game so delightful."

We walked to the corner of the street and there we hailed a hansom, and Chilworth drew from his pocket a morocco case containing a heap of diamonds that flashed and spluttered in the light of the electric lamps.

"Very, very useful for that Christmas dinner I was speaking about," he said. "We shall be able to put a sovereign in every mince pie, and the poor people will know how to use it."

[*Another story of this series will appear next week*—ED.]



BUSINESS·IS·BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

The best worship is stout working.—CARLYLE.

TAKING RISKS.

There comes a time in the career of every business man when it is necessary for him to take a big risk. The man who shirks taking risks must content himself with a subordinate position all his life.

I have taken many risks in my time, but never with such fear and trembling as the first one.

The firm with which I was employed as a young man, had arranged to advertise its goods in rather a novel fashion. An agreement had been made with the proprietors of a large London circus that on a certain day any child presenting one of the wrappers in which our goods were enclosed should be admitted to the entertainment free of charge.

On Wednesday afternoon the managing director gave me instructions to place with six newspapers advertisements announcing the coming treat. He explained what he wanted done and then left for home.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when the house exchange rang me up on the telephone and asked me whether I knew anything about the arrangements for the circus.

I explained that I did, and was put into communication with the man at the other end of the wire.

It appeared that he was an L.C.C. school-attendance officer. He informed me that he had heard of our plans regarding the circus, and asked whether we were aware of the penalties we were rendering ourselves liable to in thus inducing children to absent themselves from school.

Such an aspect of the case had not previously suggested itself to me, but I thanked him for his warning and rang off.

I went down to see my immediate chief in order to lay the case before him, but, as ill-luck would have it, he also had left early that afternoon. I was thus faced with the problem whether or not I should disobey the instructions that had been given me.

I had been definitely told to place these advertisements, and, if they did not appear in the newspapers next morning, it would be too late to announce to the public the free circus upon the Friday.

On the other hand, the message from the L.C.C. had brought a new factor into the case, and I had to decide whether I should disobey the instructions and save the firm from the serious penalties which would be incurred.

I decided on the latter course.

On the following morning I presented myself at the managing director's room, but he had not yet arrived.

I was sorry for this, for I wanted to explain matters before he had time to think unkind things about me; but there was no help for it, and I returned to my room and waited to be rung for. Half an hour later came the message that he wanted to see me.

With him was my immediate chief, and when I entered the room they looked at me with amazement rather than indignation.

"Macnaughten," said the managing director, "how is it that these advertisements do not appear in the papers?"

I then explained what had happened, and had the gratification of being informed that I had acted wisely.

At the end of the week I had the pleasant news communicated to me that my salary had been increased.

This matter was as nothing compared with the risk I finally took in starting business on my own account, but it impressed me very much at the time. Had the managing director considered that my action was injudicious, it might have led to my dismissal and formed a serious check to my career.

That incident has always made me lenient towards any employee who has by force of circumstances been compelled to decide on an important matter in my absence.

It is not fair under such circumstances to blame a man even if he acts foolishly, but it is just such predicaments that give an employee the opportunity of rising quickly, for it is in this kind of difficulty that a man shows whether he is a machine or a thinker.

The market price of a human machine varies from a pound to thirty-five shillings a week. If you want more than that you have to show that you are capable of doing something more than a machine can do.

You must, in short, take risks.

TRADE NOTES.

It is my intention to give from time to time under this heading some actual examples of business success, and to explain as far as I can the reasons for the prosperity of the various firms I deal with. If I tread on anyone's toes, I shall claim the usual privilege of the critic.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL.—Not very long ago Lord Grenfell made strong comments as to the injurious effect which the smoking of trashy cigarettes was having on the health of the Army—on the health of the general public, he might have added. The paper in cheap cigarettes is the chief sinner, and the proprietors of the famous Flor de Dindigul cigars did a clever thing when they introduced the cigarettes of the same name and wrapped them not in a paper but in a tobacco leaf. With such a cigarette there can be no health objection.

EVERITT PRESSES.—In the old days few men thought of creasing their trousers, and these few were branded as dandies. Now every well-dressed man goes in for a crease, and the majority do it with the Everitt press. Why? Simply because the proprietors of it saw the trend of the times and advertised—and also because they produce a rattling good thing at a low price. Without quality advertising is useless.

SWAN PENS.—The "swag" auctioneer has flooded most of our big towns with trashy shilling fountain pens, but he has not in any way injured the business of reputable manufacturers, because his goods are worthless and theirs are priceless timesavers. The "Swan" is one of the best, and its owners have been long-headed enough to run a special Christmas advertising campaign. They are quite right, for one of their pens makes a tip-top present.

DE RESZKE.—Finding a good name for a proprietary article is never easy, but a certain firm of cigarette makers hit the mark when they named a brand after the famous singer. But a name is not all. They had to give special value. That they have done, for their cigarettes differ from other Turkish blends in not irritating the throat.

BLACK CAT.—The 1904 Virginia tobacco crop was exceptionally fine, and consequently its owners wanted an exceptional price for it. Therefore it lay in bond for three years, maturing and improving all the time, and awaiting a customer. The Black Cat Cigarette Company seized the opportunity and bought the whole of the English consignment—a very good advertisement for them, and good for those who smoke their cigarettes also.

EASY PAYMENTS.

AN EXPOSURE.

The credit furnishing companies have made fortunes because they have hit upon the exploitation of a public weakness. They supply you with goods which you cannot afford to buy.

You can't get something for nothing in this world, but lots of people think it possible.

Every man is worth not only the amount that he is earning but this amount multiplied by the number of years during which he is likely to work. The man who is earning £100 a year at the age of twenty-five may be safely considered capable of earning £1,000 by the time he is thirty-five.

The pay-at-your-convenience companies give him credit by mortgaging these, his future earnings. His feelings later on in life when he discovers that almost every penny is spent before he earns it, are best known to himself. The newspapers have exposed the hardships accruing from this system, but there is small likelihood that the public will learn wisdom and leave the system alone altogether.

I make no insinuations as to the manner in which credit furnishing business is conducted by reputable firms. There are several of them whose methods are above suspicion, but there are others on whose doings I should like for a moment to turn the searchlight.

A young man is earning, let us say, £2 a week. He marries, and furnishes his house with the aid of one of these companies. They will leave him £1 a week to live on but will charge the other £1 a week for furnishing his house.

He has been accustomed to twice the income which he now finds himself possessed of, and he naturally discovers that it is more than difficult to make ends meet. After a few months he allows one week's instalment to lapse. No complaint comes from the furnishers, and, seeing how lenient they are, he allows another instalment to lapse till the amount owing is a very considerable one and quite beyond his means to pay.

Then the guileless company swoops down upon him and threatens to remove every stick. He is happy in his decision if he allows them to do so, but in most cases he casts about for any other means of solving the difficulty.

When things are at this pinch, he receives a circular from a firm of moneylenders, offering to advance him the necessary sum, though at a ruinous rate of interest. This firm is connected with the other, and the money which they advance to him is immediately transferred to the coffers of the first company, so that nothing is lost. The instalments for the furniture are now paid with regularity, as also is the extortionate interest for the advance.

The end is now not far off. The unhappy couple find themselves unable to meet their liabilities, the furnishers seize their goods, and, this time as moneylenders, get a County Court judgment against them, enforcing the demand of weekly instalments for years to come.

At the end of it all the young man finds himself saddled with weekly payments for no value received. The pity of it is that these harpies are not more often defrauded by their customers than they are. The law protects them effectively, though it was never intended for such purposes.

The reputable furnishing companies see to it that their customers pay their instalments regularly, and they would not dream of playing this money-lending trick. The extra price which they put upon their goods in order to reimburse themselves for the length of time over which the payments are to run is moderate, and their customers sign their contracts with their eyes open. With the harpies, however, things are very different. Difficulties are glossed over, and the customer is induced to suppose that all will be plain sailing.

The easy payment system is in some respects a good one, but it is being sadly abused.

CHARLES ATTREE.

HOW TO GROW TALL.

SCIENTIFIC ASSISTANCE FOR THE SHORT.

Sir Frederick Treves once said: "There are two sizes possible for everybody, that predestined by nature and that which we bring about by favourable conditions and exercise." It is with these conditions and exercises that I propose to deal.

For at least ten years before his death in 1904, the late Professor Atkinson, the famous surgeon, treated over a hundred persons annually for shortness.

Many of his patients were cadets who had entered Sandhurst or Woolwich, knowing that they were under the regulation height, but hoping to grow in inches as they grew in years. When at the close of their studies they still found that they were too short for the Army, they used to put themselves under the charge of the surgeon, and he was generally able to increase their height by four or five inches in six months.

To explain his methods it is necessary to glance for a moment at the anatomy of the human frame.

Attached to the bones, and forming a cushion between them at each joint, are fine elastic substances known as cartilages. They exist in every joint in the body—in the ankles, knees, hips, and in the twenty-three joints of the spine.

CARTILAGE MASSAGE.

It is impossible to induce a bone to grow after nature has stopped making it do so, but Atkinson's plan was to stimulate these layers of cartilage in such a way that they were thickened.

He manipulated systematically the joints of the spine, hips, knees and ankles, devoting several hours to each patient in the course of a single week. The result was that the cartilage, thus massaged, grew perceptibly.

Now it is easy to see that if it increased in each joint ever so little, there would be a considerable lengthening of the frame as a whole, for there are in all twenty-six joints which affect the height, and if in each the cartilage were thickened by only a minute fraction of an inch, the total height would be increased by several inches.

It might be urged that this thickening of the membrane between the bones would make the body less strong, and possibly injure the general health; but that objection is unfounded. The nerves, radiating from the spinal cord, pass to all parts of the body through those spaces between the bones. Now if these spaces are enlarged, there is more room for the nerves to pass, they do their work better, and the health of the patient benefits considerably.

GROWTH POSSIBLE AT MOST AGES.

To guard against any weakness that might result from the muscles not keeping pace with the artificial growth, the surgeon insisted on his patients using dumb-bells and Indian clubs throughout his course of treatment.

It was generally men under twenty whom he was called upon to treat, but he was equally successful with those of maturer years. It is known that he lengthened several officers over forty, who believed that their martial mien would be improved if their stature were increased.

Professor Atkinson has many successors, both surgeons and bone-setters, but their fees are necessarily high, as the treatment occupies a great deal of time. It is therefore worth while considering the best method of accomplishing the same object without their assistance.

Obviously it is impossible to massage one's own spine throughout the whole of its length, but the section that lies immediately above the waist can be reached without difficulty.

Let the man who seeks inches, therefore, massage this part of his backbone and also the joints of his ankles, knees and thighs. The treatment should occupy not less than ten minutes in the morning and as long at night, and it should be followed without a break for six months.

Remember that the massage required is not mere rubbing, it is gentle but persistent manipulation of the joints.

SPECIAL EXERCISES.

Combined with this, you must follow a special system of physical culture. Stretch yourself to your full height, raise your hands above your head and bend over till you touch your toes with your fingers, keeping your knees rigid. Do this twenty times slowly and without strain. This exercise will do much towards making your spine supple, and will assist the desired growth of the cartilage between the joints. When you can accomplish this movement with ease, practise bending down your shoulders and raising them again slowly. Repeat this as in the previous exercise till you attain a certain amount of suppleness in the upper part of your spine.

The purpose of the next exercise is to render your back supple in the opposite direction. Stand against a bed, so that if you fall backwards there will be no danger of your hurting yourself; then raise your arms above your head and bend as far back as you can, bringing yourself to an upright position again slowly.

Practise the same exercise bending to the right and to the left alternately.

Practise each of these exercises twenty times morning and night. Do each slowly and avoid straining yourself in the slightest degree. If you have any appliances for physical culture, you may use them with advantage where the exercises correspond with those given above.

Hanging by your hands from a horizontal bar, cycling and walking all tend to increase the growth of the cartilages, and will be very beneficial when combined with the special exercises I have given.

STRAIGHTENING THE SPINE.

The chief purpose of these exercises is, as we have said, to stimulate the growth of the cartilages, and to accomplish this they must be practised regularly, along with the massage, for half a year; but they will generally be found to increase the apparent height by at least an inch in a month or so. This first increase is not due to growth but to the straightening up of the spine.

The average man stoops a little, and does not keep his knees quite straight, so that he appears shorter than he really is. This inch can be added to the height almost at once, but it takes the six months' practise outlined above to induce real growth.

When you have secured the height you covet, walk erect. This is not so easy as walking slightly bent, but it is good for you, and it does your height full justice.

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., Ch.M.

BULLY NEWS.

When trespassing on other people's fields, most outdoor men have experienced that very uncomfortable sensation, being chased by an angry bull. The ways of bulls have not yet been reduced to an exact science, and there is much misconception in regard to their methods of attack.

The disaster usually depicted by the comic artist is that of a man being pitched in the air by the animal, but that this never happens is vouched for by old Uriah Robbins, the King's herdsman.

"A bull comes straight at you, knocks you down and tramples on you, but he never pitches you in the air," he says. "If you see a bull getting cross, you had better go for him. Then he will run away, but if you run he follows."

Better take Uriah's word for it than make the experiment.

HORSE FAKING.

HOW SCREWS ARE DOCTORED.

There is profit in buying green horses and schooling them till they become good ones, but the horse-coper has long since discovered that there is more gain in buying screws and doctoring them till they have a semblance of merit which they do not possess.

His first consideration is to endow a screw with some appearance of spirit. A buyer will say to himself, "Here's a horse that has at least life in him; he may have faults but he can be broken of them."

When the new purchase has been in the stable for a couple of days, however, its liveliness evaporates.

The dealer's methods of producing spirit temporarily are various. When he expects a prospective purchaser he enters the stable and flogs the horse, at the same time shouting at it and frightening the unfortunate brute half out of its wits.

When this programme has been gone through, the customer arrives and the horse is trotted out for exhibition. It will jump as if shot at the slightest touch of the whip it knows too well, and the dealer will casually remark that, "He requires no whip, this one doesn't."

This treatment does not answer where the horse is to be sold at a fair, it being only suitable where the exact time of the customer's arrival is known.

For the fair the dealer relies upon some stuff known to him as cowitch, which consists of the tiny hair-like particles that grow on the leaves of a certain plant. When these are rubbed on those parts of the horse where the hair is scanty they find their way beneath the skin and set up an intolerable itching which lasts for a considerable time. The caperings of the unhappy animal under this torture are readily mistaken for those of exuberant vitality.

This same stuff is used by not a few young carters and vanmen who like to see their horses showing unusual spirit.

Lameness in one foot is hidden by driving a nail into the frog of the opposite hoof. In this way the horse finds difficulty in setting down the hoof that was formerly sound, and so he does not appear to put more weight on one side than on the other, and thus it is impossible to detect the lameness.

Roaring, a common malady with old screws, is temporarily cured by administering a ball made of lard and shot. This clears the throat for a time but generally results in the speedy death of the animal. As it has passed out of the dealer's hands before that time, however, he does not worry much.

An old horse seldom carries its ears nicely, but this is very easily disguised by the unscrupulous coper. He has the top of the halter or bridle so constructed that the ears cannot drop out of an erect position.

Good action is faked in several ways. One plan is to make the horse trot with weights attached to his feet. When these are removed he naturally lifts his feet high in his unaccustomed freedom.

Another plan is to drive him over plough land, where he must either lift high or trip.

A third scheme, and one commonly adopted, is to stable the horse for a week or two in a shed the roof of which is too low to allow him to stand erect. The floor is thickly littered with straw, and the horse is obliged to stand in a crouching position. When finally he is trotted out for the purchaser's approval, he rejoices in his unwonted freedom, lifts his head, and raises his feet, now unhampered by the roof and the straw.

A horse's teeth may be filed and burnt in the centre to disguise its age, and its mouth may be irritated till it becomes nervous about it and will not allow a stranger to look inside.

Unbroken colts may be given the marks of harness or saddle by the simple expedient of shaving off the hair in the places where it would naturally have been rubbed. S. R. NISBET.

The Circumventing of Uncle Gilbert.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By J. PRESSLIE.

Arthur Ridge was in the happy position of a young man practically without relatives; had he been wholly without them the adventure here narrated would never have taken place.

He had worked his way—not as a paying pupil—through a motor garage, and at length he was considered by his employer to be proficient, even expert. It happened that his employer purposed opening a branch on the Bath road, and he offered to make Arthur manager of the new depot and give him a partnership if he could furnish capital of £100.

This sum was quite out of the young man's reach, the most valuable things he possessed being a motor-bicycle which he had built, and a £5 note.

There lived twenty miles from London Gilbert Abbott, his bachelor uncle, and after much weighing of the pros and cons Arthur determined to approach him for a loan.

"Young man," said Mr. Abbott, when his nephew had fully stated his case, "what security have I got that I shall ever see the interest or even the capital itself? None! I am taking a great risk and I should be conferring a very great obligation to you. Before doing you such a service I shall require to know more of you. Pack up your traps and come and stay with me for a fortnight, during which time I shall keep you under observation. If at the end of it I am satisfied that you are really a good young man, I may accede to your request."

And so it was that on the following day Arthur arrived on his motor-bicycle, all his worldly goods packed on a luggage carrier behind him. The mental strain of the first few days was terrific.

"I am paying dearly for the chance of getting this loan," he wrote to his particular pal, George Bruce. "My uncle is a miserly old beggar, and since staying here I have actually suffered the pangs of hunger.

"Yes, my dear Bruce, hunger with a fine edge upon it. There is a fried fish shop down in the village, and many a night I steal out and gorge myself there.

"I never feel I'm my own master, for all the time he keeps his eagle eye glued on yours truly.

"Last Saturday we went out in his motor-car, and he drove about as fast as a pirate 'bus. Sunday was ghastly. I went to church with him in the morning, and the rest of the day I had to sit in the house reading religious papers.

"If I have to put in such another day I really fear I shall have to cut my fortnight's probation short and throw away all chance of that £100."

Before the arrival of the second Saturday, however, Arthur received certain important information.

He had, during a trip on his bicycle, been able on one occasion to render timely aid to a prominent racing man whose motor-car had broken down, and the latter out of gratitude sent him now and again very straight tips.

The tips came about once every three months. Each time Arthur had put a shilling on the horse recommended, and each time he had made a little money. It was almost like the irony of fate that a tip should arrive when he was staying with his uncle, and that one a tip for Saturday's race at Kempton Park.

"Back Oberon with all you've got," ran the message; "the odds at present are twenty to one, and he is sure to win."

That evening he tapped his uncle's views on the matter of horse-racing.

"What do I think of racing?" asked Mr. Abbott. "I hold that it is an invention of the devil, that it is conducted by devils, and patronised by no others. If it came to my knowledge that you had ever betted on a horse or had ever so much as peeped inside a race-course, I should have nothing whatsoever to do with you, sir, nothing at all."

In spite of all this Arthur felt that he would willingly risk the fiver on the chance of making £100, not only for the sake of the money itself which was so badly wanted at this juncture, but also because he would be able to drop playing the part of humble dependent upon his uncle. If he put that bet on Oberon he simply must go to Kempton and watch it run. Waiting till the evening papers came out with the result would be sheer torture.

"My dear Bruce," he wrote that night to his friend, "please cycle out to the George Hotel next Saturday. Be there at one o'clock."

"You will come with me this afternoon, I hope," said Mr. Abbott, after they had lunched together on the following Saturday, "to a tea-party which is to be given at a friend's house for the benefit of the Zenana Mission?"

"Well," said Arthur, "I'm feeling rather done up with the week's work, and I believe I should suffer from a nervous breakdown if I did not go for a run on my bike this afternoon."

"I don't sympathise with these violent exercises," replied his uncle, "but they are perhaps more innocent than some other amusements of the young. I hear, for example, that there is a race-meeting at Kempton Park to-day. Now, sir, if you had asked my permission to attend that I should immediately have shown you the outside of my door—for ever."

"I suppose then that I have your leave to go this run?" said Arthur.

"You may," replied his uncle, "but understand that you must not deceive me in the matter. There are always eyes that see you, and if you do anything wrong I shall hear of it."

Mr. Abbott made very certain concerning the eyes and his hearing about things, for, while his nephew went upstairs to change his clothes, he himself took out his motor-car from the garage. As he heard the teuf-teuf of Arthur's bicycle he peeped from the garden gate and saw that he was making towards the west road.

Then hastily Mr. Abbott threw back the garden gate, seated himself in his car and drove off in Arthur's wake. When he reached the end of the road in which his house was situated he was surprised to observe the young man turn eastwards. It struck him as strange that a man who rode daily to London should choose a route so familiar for a pleasure run.

What could it mean?

He was still more surprised when he observed his nephew alight at the door of the George Hotel and enter the building. Mr. Abbott drew up his motor where the shade of a tree made a black patch on the road and awaited developments. He must be generous; possibly it was only for water for his engine that Arthur had gone into the hotel.

Meantime there was being enacted in the parlour of the George a scene which would not have pleased the eyes of Uncle Gilbert. Arthur stripped off his dustcoat and motor-cap and donned a bowler. The discarded raiments was then assumed by a young man whom Arthur addressed as Bruce, and, when the transformation was complete, his fellow conspirator left the hotel with a bucket of water which Uncle Gilbert would naturally suppose was intended as a drink for the bicycle.

After some manœuvring the bucket was returned to the hotel, Bruce mounted Arthur's bicycle and set off. Arthur watched his uncle's car pass the window, and then he stepped across the roadway and entered the Park, where the racegoers were already assembling.

Meanwhile Mr. Abbott kept at a discreet distance from the cyclist in front. He did not doubt for a moment that it was his nephew, for the dustcoat he recognised, and he had seen that it was the same bicycle.

Bruce's intention was to cycle out for twenty or thirty miles and then come slowly back again, thus allowing ample time for Arthur to return from the races, but the best laid plans occasionally miscarry, and this was no exception.

How was he to know that some merry roysterer of the previous evening had broken a bottle right in the middle of the road? Straight over the fragments he had ridden before he became aware of their existence. There was a hish-hish and the rims of both wheels scraped the ground.

Mr. Abbott was round the bend in a moment; and he drove up to where the other was examining the damage.

"Arthur Ridge," he said, "you are the most foolish and thankless young man whom I have ever been unfortunate enough to know. See what you get for racing at that terrific speed. It serves you right, and I am only sorry you didn't break your neck."

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for your kind wishes," replied the cyclist, as he removed his goggles, "but I greatly fear you are making some mistake."

"Mistake," cried Mr. Abbott, as he perceived that the face was not that of his nephew. "I have not made a mistake, sir. I have fallen into a deliberately laid trap. That is my nephew's bicycle; I know the number; that is his coat and cap you are wearing. If you are pretending to be him what little game is he himself up to? I shall go home at once and discover."

"As a fellow motorist," said Bruce, "you must surely help me to mend these tyres," for he was anxious to give his friend as much time as possible.

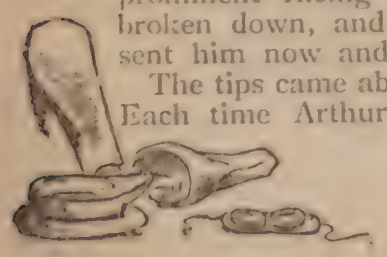
"Hang you and your tyres, sir," said the benevolent Mr. Abbott, "you can go to—anywhere you like, sir." And with that he turned his car and set off for home. He reached the house by three o'clock, and spent two hours thinking of nice things to say to his nephew on his return. He had them all ready when finally there was heard the teuf-teuf of Arthur's bicycle outside, the door opened, and that young man entered.

"Don't tell me you have had a pleasant run," said his uncle; "don't tell me so, you base, deceitful, weak, ungrateful, carnal and worldly young man! You've been at some wicked place of impious amusement. I can read your face like an open book."

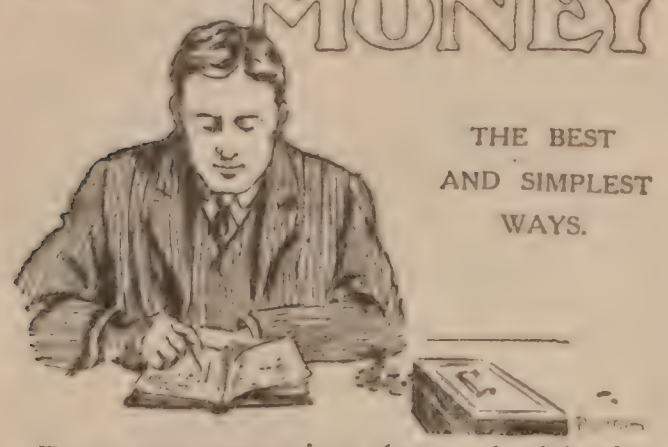
"It's a better plan," said Arthur, "to read people's faces than to try to read them by their dustcoats or their bicycle numbers."

"Would you add impertinence to all your other crimes, failings and enormities?" asked his uncle. "I had determined from the outset not to lend you that £100, and of course I won't do it now. Get out of my house, sir! Leave at once!"

"Right ho!" said Arthur; "just wait till I pack my things. You will be delighted to know, by the way, that I happened to win £100 this afternoon on a horse I backed. You're not pleased? Well, well, there's no accounting for tastes. But, just to show there's no ill-feeling won't you join us at a little celebration dinner I am giving at the George to-night? There would only be ourselves three; you, the gentleman who had the bicycle accident, and myself. You won't come? Well, well, uncle, good-bye!"



SAVING MONEY



THE BEST AND SIMPLEST WAYS.

Every man recognises the need of having a nest-egg, the only trouble being that you can't have one without some self-denial, and hence its accumulation is not as a rule a joyful task. The object of this article is to show how money can be saved with the least possible sacrifice.

In the first place it is necessary to parcel out your income judiciously, and to keep yourself within the limits which are dictated by cold reason; the holiday item must not be allowed to encroach on the allowance for clothes, and so forth. I give a table of expenditure which I think is a sensible one for a man whose income is 30s. a week:

Items.	Spent each week £ s. d.		Spent each year £ s. d.
Board and lodging	0 15 0	...	39 0 0
Pocket money	0 4 0	...	10 8 0
Clothes	0 4 0	...	10 8 0
Holidays	0 1 6	...	3 18 0
Savings	0 5 0	...	13 0 0
Sundries	0 0 6	...	1 6 0
	£1 10 0	...	£78 0 0

It will be observed that in the matter of pocket money I have been fairly generous, for it is these few odd shillings that make life worth living.

PROVINCIAL ECONOMY.

The sundries item is intended to include medical advice and other unforeseen expenses.

This budget is drawn up on the supposition that the person whom it concerns works in the provinces; the London worker will have to allow for his inevitable train or 'bus fares and lunch money—proving, by the way, that a man is better off earning 30s. in the country than another who gets that sum in the metropolis.

You will have noticed that the table is designed for the bachelor. To maintain the same standard of comfort in married life, you would have to allow 10s. a week for rent, £1 a week for household expenses, and 5s. a week for your wife to buy clothes and chocolates with; this makes an addition of £1 15s. a week, but you are relieved of the cost of board, making the total increase about £1 a week.

Thus the man who finds he has no more than he himself needs with 30s. a week, will be well advised to wait till he is earning £2 10s. a week before he marries.

A LOT DEPENDS ON THE GIRL.

These things depend to a large extent on the girl's sense of economy, however; the point to be considered here is the savings item. That must not be encroached on.

Let it be put in the Post Office savings bank weekly or monthly, for £1 earns a half-penny in interest each complete month, or sixpence a year.

You should take advantage of this interest also in the case of your holiday and clothes money, paying it in at once and drawing it out when needed. Besides the interest, you have the benefit of safety. Landladies are not all above temptation.

My object in advocating the savings bank is that your money will be available at a moment's notice when you want it for starting business on your own account, as, being ambitious, you will probably want to do.

If, however, you decide to remain in somebody else's employ, you can find several ways of making your money earn more than the Post Office 2½ per cent.

Several of the best insurance companies have very attractive schemes by which you not only insure your life but also secure a substantial lump sum on attaining a certain age, all for a weekly payment of 5s.

INSURANCE SCHEMES.

It would make dull reading to give details of these schemes here; if you are interested in the matter, write to the head offices of the various companies and compare their offers.

Don't apply to the local agents. They will be all over you at the first suspicion that you contemplate insuring, and they will make your life pretty uncomfortable.

Building societies and friendly societies should also be considered; and, if you definitely decide that you are unlikely to want your capital at short notice, you might invest it in a sound industrial limited liability company, preferably a local one.

Beware of the banks that offer gigantic interest and go broke shortly after they get your money; and give the advertising share dealer a specially wide berth.

There are several ways in which the married man can keep down expenses and increase his savings. Let him fix an allowance for the house expenses, and another for his wife, and see to it that they are not exceeded.

He should keep just enough supervision on his wife's department to see that she is doing things in a businesslike manner; all receipts, for example, must be kept, though she may not think so; coal should be bought in quantities in summer when it is cheapest; the gas meter must be watched to see that neither it nor the company's officials are telling lies.

RENT.

Above all, the rent must not be too high.

Gladstone used to say that no man should pay more to his landlord than a tenth of his wages.

There is no need to live up to the neighbours, for it is a thankless task; they won't give you £50 when you happen to need it, but you can save it by living sensibly and pleasing yourself instead of them.

Some readers have read thus far, approving the principle of saving, but acknowledging to themselves that they lack the resolution to make the necessary sacrifices. Failing total conversion I should like to persuade them to join the ranks of the semi-savers.

Let them spend no half-pence, but when they discover these modest coins amongst their change, let them put them in a place apart till the end of the year. They are not missed at the time but mount up wonderfully.

When the box is finally opened, perhaps the sight of so much wealth will induce the owner to make a further effort. Anyhow the half-pence will form a small nest-egg in themselves, and the time may come when it will be welcome.

EVERHARD H. FRANCIS.

FOR ORANGE SUCKERS.

For the sportsman who is tired and thirsty after hard exertion, nothing is more refreshing than one of the juicy oranges now in season.

It has been said that the orange is a fruit that can be enjoyed only when one is alone. To eat it politely with a knife and fork, spoils its flavour and robs it of half its joy. You want to tear it asunder with your fingers.

Do so, and all will be well, but on no account must you revert to your childhood's custom of biting a little hole at one end and sucking it.

On the skin of an orange there are little black specks, which are really clusters of a fungus exactly resembling that which causes whooping-cough. When you suck an orange you inhale this black dust and irritate your throat, sometimes seriously.

KEEPING HOT.

FOR THE INDOOR AND OUTDOOR MAN.

The wrong way to fight the cold is to heap on thick underclothing. The carman who is outside in the cold all the time is an exception; in his case the indulgence in thick undervests is judicious, but most of us spend the bulk of the day either in warm rooms or in moving about.

If we are too well clad in a warm atmosphere, our skin relaxes, and we are liable to catch a chill on going outside. Invest your underclothes money in a good thick overcoat, which is worn exactly when you need it—in the open air—and only then.

The motorist or the horse driver who is exposed to the elements without having the benefit of exercise, will find it better to wear two thin woollen vests instead of one thick vest, for in the former case there is a thin layer of air enclosed between the garments, and air is the best non-conductor of heat. That is why we wear many garments—vests, shirts, coats—instead of one.

Tissue changes are more rapid in cold weather than in normal temperature, and we must remember this in our selection of food.

Never stint yourself in the matter of breakfast on a cold morning. Probably your appetite is not then at its best, but you can select good weather-fighting food without taking too much of it.

Cocoa, with plenty of sugar in it, is better than tea; fat bacon is to be preferred to eggs; porridge is unsurpassed, but it should be eaten at the end of the meal. Like all other vegetarian dishes, it gives you a temporary feeling of fullness, which keeps you from eating other things, but porridge is quickly digested, and unless you back it up with something else you will be hungry by lunch time.

Deep breathing will banish chilliness with remarkable rapidity. Fill your lungs by drawing the air in through the nose, first expanding the abdomen and then the ribs sideways, and when you have held the breath for a moment expel it through the mouth. If this exercise is repeated a time or two you will experience a pleasant glow.

The coachman's favourite exercise is stamping his feet on the ground and beating his arms round his chest. It is perfectly scientific and practical, for it sends the blood to the extremities which are most subject to cold.

It is not always possible to indulge in these violent movements, however, and a good substitute for them will be found in stretching the limbs to their utmost extent—one at a time, of course—and bending the feet and hands backwards and forwards. This is much more sure and quick in results than rubbing the hands together.

If you suffer from cold feet in bed, fill one basin with very hot water and another with cold. Put the feet for three minutes in the hot water, and then plunge them for one minute in the cold; this plan is better in every way than the hot water bottle.

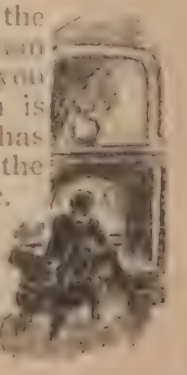
A similar bath for the whole body in the morning is an excellent preparation for facing the cold, but it is not as a rule easy to get the water hot enough in the morning. For those who can stand it a cold morning dip is almost as good, while a sponge down is to be recommended to those whose health is less robust.

Alcohol will always be taken by those who have to be much out-of-doors in cold weather, but it usually does more harm than good.

There is a transient but perceptible glow which accounts for its popularity, and there is no harm in having a glass of strong waters when you are not going out again. When, however, you have to face the cold afresh, leave whisky alone.

It drives the blood to the skin, and thus the bodily heat passes off much more quickly than it did before, and you soon feel colder than you did previously. Moreover the heart's action is not so good after the temporary stimulus has worn off, and you have less power to fight the temperature.

ALFRED MOIR, B.Sc.



Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?—MILTON.

For very many years I have been interested in the study of so-called ghosts, but, although I have again and again courted an encounter with them, I have not so far been successful in meeting one, and I am forced to conclude that ghosts of the type that are supposed to haunt houses have no existence.

We must not confuse with ghosts the telepathic apparitions which are sometimes witnessed by a person whose dearest friend has just died. There is so much evidence, coming from men of the highest repute, that such apparitions have actually been witnessed, that it would be useless to deny their possibility.

These phenomena have not been, and probably never will be, thoroughly investigated, and their explanation being hazy—due to such indefinite causes as mental force and sympathy—the discussion of them is unsatisfactory and leads to nothing. I therefore confine myself here to ghosts of the good old-fashioned orthodox type, the kind that haunt ancient castles and lonely woods.

AT THE WITCHING HOUR.

Last year a policeman on duty in the grounds of Hampton Court Palace was pacing to and fro shortly after midnight when he suddenly saw a ghostly procession consisting of two men and seven ladies.

They appeared to be chatting together, but he could hear no sound of voices although they were quite close.

For three full minutes he watched them, and then suddenly they melted into thin air. The strange thing about these spectres was that they were attired in modern evening dress.

So confident was the man that his eyes had not deceived him that he made an official report of the occurrence to his superiors, and another batch of ghosts was added to the lengthy list of those who are supposed to haunt the place.

On the publication of this report in the newspapers, the circumstance was much discussed and at length news of it reached the ears of a lady who has a suite of apartments in the Palace.

THE EXPLANATION.

On the night of the apparition she was giving an evening party, and shortly after twelve two of her male guests and seven ladies passed along a brightly lighted corridor to get their hats and coats. Where the policeman was standing he could not see the lighted windows, but the images of the guests were projected upon a bank of mist which hovered above the fishpond. He saw not merely their shadows but images showing even the colour of the dresses. It was exactly parallel to the mirage so often observed at sea.

Shortly before this, a private of the 2nd Coldstream Guards saw a white and ghostly form looming through the mist as he did his sentry-go on the east terrace of Windsor Castle. He challenged it but received no response, and fired five bullets into it.

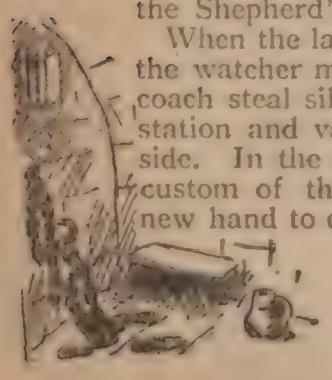
The shooting brought out the guard, and a careful examination was made of the place.

It was then found that an ornamental elephant, one of a pair which had been brought from Lucknow and placed as ornaments at the top of some stone steps, had been chipped in five places by bullets.

NO MORE AMMUNITION.

The stone elephant looming through the mist must have had a strange unearthly appearance, but the Army Council are no believers in ghosts, and as a result of this incident they have stopped the issue of loose ammunition to all sentries except those who guard Hyde Park magazine.

There is in London or rather in the bowels of the earth beneath it, the most convincing ghost you could possibly wish to look upon. It is in the Shepherd's Bush tube.



When the last train has completed its journey, the watcher may see a white and ghostly motor-coach steal silently out of the tube, through the station and vanish into the tunnel at the other side. In the early days of the tube it was the custom of the older employees to invite every new hand to come and have a look at the ghost, and during the vigil the lights of the station platform were turned down in order to make things eerie.

But once more we have a material explanation; the ghost is only the white-washing coach which nightly passes through the tunnel to make it nice and clean.

Last year there was a glorious ghost scare at Brighton, when a house in the north-west of the town was reported to be haunted. There were creakings and rappings throughout the building, but the chief exhibit was in a room on the top floor, where from time to time the luminous figure of a strange beast appeared.

ALL THE USUAL SETTINGS.

A nice creepy history was discovered about a colonel who had killed his daughter and her lover in this house, but the romance vanished when an impartial investigator found that the ghost was nothing but the light coming from the firebox of a passing train and reflecting on a jutting gable and rain-spout.

At Malew, Isle of Man, it was long believed that a spectre wandered through the church during the night carrying a lighted lamp. People standing in the roadway rould see the light gleaming from the stained-glass windows, but the hardy spirits who made an entrance never found any trace of the ghost with the lantern.

Then came a new vicar to Malew, and, determined to solve the mystery, he placed a ladder against the wall and stationed himself level with the top of the windows, for it was there that the light seemed to come from.

He had the solution in a few moments, for flashing through the darkness came the gleam from the revolving lantern of Langness lighthouse, which was quite hidden from observers down in the roadway.

WHITE LADIES.

Queen's Road, Peckham, is a suburban thoroughfare which seems scarcely the proper habitat of ghosts; yet a passer-by saw in the upper window of one of its houses the figures of two women dressed in white, and, as he looked at them, they dissolved into thin air .

For many nights afterwards the street was packed with an expectant crowd, and at last the two ghosts considerately exhibited themselves. Then it was found that the dark window in question was acting as a mirror and reflecting the figures of two ladies who occupied a room across the road and who had neglected to draw down their blind.

A short time ago there was the utmost sensation in the north of Worcestershire over a ghostly cyclist attired in nothing but a hat and a jacket.

The first person who saw him was a lady gardener employed by a cocoa manufacturer, and, to say the least, the ghost was very rude to pop up just then. He appeared to come from nowhere and to vanish into the same indefinite place. Shortly after his meeting with the lady, a tradesman saw him, and finally the people turned out at nights to watch for the strange apparition.

The ghost, however, was shy, which, considering his attire, was not to be wondered at, and he kept to the unfrequented by-roads, scaring the life out of the unhappy wights whom he there encountered.

At last there came the news that one of the inmates of a Birmingham private asylum had broken bounds and stolen a bicycle, and eventually the lunatic ghost was run to earth.

The practical joker sometimes uses the ghost as a vehicle for his humour. At Barrow-on-Humber there recently appeared before certain lonely pedestrians a woman in white, standing over eight feet high and brandishing a knife above her head.

When the whole countryside had become terror-stricken, the ghost dropped its tricks, and the local policeman found a white sheet and a pair of short stilts lying in a ditch.

Lonesome is the appropriate name of a deserted village beside Mitcham Common, and there recently there appeared a ghost dressed in black but with one white arm and one white leg.

HOW TO TREAT GHOSTS.

You would think this costume hardly impressive, but it scared the countryside till at length some harlequin tights were found beneath the straw in an old barn.

The right treatment for such ghosts is the kind meted out to a similar spectre who haunted Little Clacton, Essex. One man dressed as a woman and walked nervously along a dark road. The ghost duly appeared and booed, but the masquerader quickly turned upon him and, with the assistance of a friend who was hiding in the hedge, gave him a thorough trouncing.

Care must be taken in attacking ghosts, however, for the man who mistook the local miller for one came off much the worse for the encounter.

Animals can unintentionally produce even more striking effects than the human practical joker. A man who had recently taken a house reputed to be haunted was sitting with his book one night when he observed a small draught screen begin to vibrate.

A CREEPY EXPERIENCE.

He got up and looked behind the screen but nothing was there. He resumed his book, and presently heard a slight scraping behind him.

Looking round, he beheld the draught screen slowly advancing upon him!

He sprang to his feet and dashed the thing to the ground. Then he discovered that his pet tortoise had got its head fixed under the bottom of the screen and, in trying to free itself, had pushed it along.

Dead Men's Lights have been seen by most people who have passed a graveyard on a wet dark night. The little blue flames that hover above the ground are due to phosphuretted hydrogen rising from the decomposing bodies and igniting spontaneously on coming in contact with the air.

You can produce a similar effect by burying some calcium phosphide in your garden and pouring a bucket of water over it. On a still night there will rise from the spot not only little flames but also a column of white ghostly mist.

MYSTERIOUS FOOTSTEPS.

The tappings and creakings in houses are caused by mice leaping from step to step downstairs and by the furniture righting itself.

The heat of the day expands the wood of the chairs and even the floors, and the coldness of the night contracts it again, giving us sharp little creaks and supposed footsteps.

The clanking of chains is generally due to chains—hung in the chimney, on the wall outside or in a secret passage and long since forgotten. The opening of doors is due to the wind acting on defective locks and catches.

The ghosts of old families, from the weird face that peers in at the windows of Glamis Castle to the spectral drummer who heralds a great event in the family of the Earl of Airlie—are always seen by old retainers who are expecting them at the time of a birth, a marriage, or a death, and who consequently conjure up the apparitions in their minds. C. WOLFF, B.A.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS

IN THE TREATMENT OF WEAK, THIN, AND FALLING HAIR BY MEANS OF MR. GEORGE R. SIMS'S FAMOUS HAIR GROWER—"TATCHO." PARTICULARS OF A WONDERFUL OFFER, WHICH IS MADE SO AS TO INTRODUCE THIS TO THE PUBLIC, WITHOUT UNLIMITED PUFFING BY ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulæ recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

TATCHO

THE GREAT HAIR GROWER.

"When I discovered the preparation which is now known as 'Tatcho,' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair NOW, isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair-renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place this genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine, good, true,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake its introduction to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best known scientific, literary and commercial names in London, and under the name of the Geo. R. Sims Company, is introducing Mr. Geo. R. Sims's hair renewer to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

As will be seen from Mr. Sims's personal statement, necessity was the mother of his invention, and that same necessity prevails to-day to an alarming extent—alarming both in the æsthetic and hygienic aspect, for not alone is Beauty marred by premature loss of hair, but health may also be affected by the disappearance of a protective covering. Therefore, Mr. Geo. R. Sims is in a double sense a public benefactor.

In most cases loss of hair may be attributed to lack of natural nutrition; and where this exists the need of such a remedy as cured Mr. Geo. R. Sims cannot be too strongly advocated. Like a thief in the night the falling of the hair steadily creeps along, and is neglected until the thinness is marked enough to bring forth the remark: "Surely I used to have a better head of hair than this." On the subject of actual baldness—baldness is in very many cases obstinate, but in most cases quite curable. We have the testimony of many who are strangers alike to Mr. Geo. R. Sims and the company whose title bears his name, that baldness can be cured. Living testimony is incontrovertible.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

TATCHO COUPON.

Provided this coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one large trial bottle of Mr. George R. Sims's Hair Renewer, "Tatcho," 4s. 6d. size, for the sum of 1s. 10d. post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for unlimited puffing by advertisement.

Per Geo R Sims
Hair Restorer Co

"Modern Man," Dec. 19.

CHRISTMAS ABROAD.

A lusty winter, frosty but kindly.—AS YOU LIKE IT.

It is to the lords of our ancient mansions that we look for the celebration of Christmas in traditional style, but, perhaps unfortunately, the holders of our historical names have learnt that there are better places than England for spending the darkest month in.

Every year sees an increase in the number of wealthy Britons who wend their way to the mountains of Switzerland, there to spend the festival of good cheer amid surroundings that recall the old-fashioned Christmas card at its best.

At night the thermometer registers some twenty degrees of frost, but by mid-day the atmosphere has yielded to the genial warmth of the sun, helped by its own remarkable dryness, and you can look in comfort upon the waste of white without wishing for an overcoat on your back.

It may seem an anomaly, but it is a fact that after a week in these snow-covered heights you will be as sunburnt as if you had put in a fortnight's training in the parched fields of a Territorial July camp.

Tobogganing is at most of the Swiss resorts the favourite amusement. Those who carry with them a recollection of the gentle slides which as boys they took down some snowy bank on a home-made sledge, will have a rude disillusionment. Here the runs are of ice, as clear and as smooth as plate glass, and the speed which is attainable upon them is something over seventy miles an hour!

The racing toboggan is a board mounted on runners of selected steel, and you poise yourself upon it on your stomach, steering with the rakes, which are sharp spikes strapped to your toes.

It is the chief aim of the adept to use his rakes as seldom as may be, for every touch of them slightly retards the progress of the toboggan; by jerking his body he can alter the balance of the sledge and so bring it round all but the sharpest curves, and to help him he uses a sliding seat.

It is foolish to tackle one of the big ice runs without leading up to it by assiduous practice on the snowy sides of the mountains; to do so is to experience the thrills of a horrible fear indescribably mingled with the glorious exhilaration of rushing through the air. To all but men with iron nerve the first dash down an ice run is like being pitched into a river before you have learnt to swim.

Death crouches behind the heaps of snow that bank the famous Cresta run at St. Moritz, and every year he claims his victims. The trains that wind down into the valley carry daily some unfortunate sportsman who has been hopelessly maimed and is returning home to spend the rest of his days on crutches.

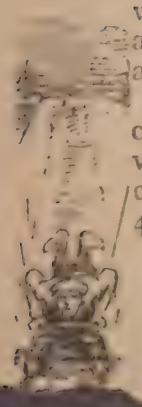
Yet there will never be lacking others who will eagerly face the risk, for once to have tasted the intoxicating delights of flying like a falling stone down a glassy mountain-side, is to dream and dream of it and long for its repetition.

The bob-sleigh is a merrier thing than the toboggan, and scarcely less exciting. It holds four or six—half girls, and half men—and it consists of a board mounted on two sledges, to the first of which it is only pivoted, so that the whole contrivance can be steered much as you steer your bicycle. If you go to your death on a bob, you have at least the satisfaction of doing so in good company.

Rinks have been prepared for the more luxurious skaters, and upon the frozen lakes ice yachts dart hither and thither at lightning speed.

Up the mountains, slowly and sideways, climb men with long flat ski fixed on their feet, and when they reach the end of the ascent they turn and fly to the foot again, taking banks of twelve and twenty feet by leaping into mid-air.

Over it all is the blue sky, unflecked by a cloud, and laughter rings everywhere—even the victim of an accident laughs—for it is not difficult to be merry in the rarified atmosphere 4,000 feet above the sea. THOMAS CRAWFORD.



The Man-servant's Happy Lot

NO WORRY; FAIR WAGES; GOOD TIMES.

The man-servant has many advantages over other workers who consider themselves more independent.

He is not, it is true, paid very well, and he has not the faintest prospect of ever making a fortune, but is the clerk, all things considered, paid any better, and has he any chance of becoming wealthy?

The man-servant leads a healthy life, is an absolute stranger to worry, and he always has enough to eat. What more is required for happiness and contentment?

The chauffeur earns his daily bread by driving a car, a task that most people would regard as recreation pure and simple. It is not that, for cars require many hours attention in the garage, and the constant strain of driving a high power motor tells on any but the most robust. A man who takes up motor-driving for a living is a fool unless his constitution is perfectly sound; if it is, he is choosing a trade that is scarcely to be beaten.

CHANCES FOR CHAUFFEURS.

There is at the present moment a great demand for British chauffeurs, the foreigner having been found unsatisfactory.

It is necessary to warn aspirants against the wiles of many advertising teachers. For a sum varying from £5 to £15 they will certify that you are a capable driver, but their course of instruction is much too brief and slip-shod.

By far the best plan is to take a three months' course of instruction in a motor shop before you start to drive at all; you will then be ready to do more than mere roadside repairs, and you will be able to command double the salary of the driver who is no mechanic. £3 10s. a week is by no means an excessive figure for a driver who has had a thorough training in the workshop, while the man who knows nothing about his motor, except how to steer it straight, cannot expect more than £1 10s. or so.

Some chauffeurs have lost good situations through discourtesy. When motoring was new employers were prepared to accept the arrogance of a self-assertive employee, but now they expect and exact the same courtesy as they would from any other servant.

HOW THE GARDENER FARES.

The chauffeur who continues to give satisfaction, and who holds a comfortable post indefinitely, is the man who takes as much interest in his motor-car, in its cleaning and in all that appertains to it, as a good coachman does in the care of a favourite horse.

The gardener is another of those fortunates who spends his life in the open air at work which is healthful and never dull.

In most cases he begins as a boy at 5s. a week, but it is possible to make a start in later life by having a course of practical instruction at a good horticultural college.

The journeyman gardener in most large establishments shares a bothy with the other unmarried gardeners, each taking his turn at keeping house. His wages will at this time be about 18s. a week, not much, but amply sufficient to cover his needs

Presently he will become a foreman, with charge of the kitchen garden or the flower garden, and with £1 a week in wages.

It is now he must think of making a change and applying for a post as head gardener somewhere else. Let him be careful in his choice, for the first job you get as head gardener should be your last also. About this time you will want to marry, and after marrying you do not wish to find yourself out of employment; therefore be sure the new place is good before you make the change.

The head gardener will have £1 10s. a week, a free cottage, coals, and as much vegetables as he and his family require.

By the time he is twenty-six or so a man may count on becoming a head gardener, and he knows that the salary he receives at the outset will not be increased. He has therefore no prospects in the ordinary sense of the term, but he has the ample compensation of doing work he enjoys, of being in a large measure his own master and of possessing that happiness which comes from health.

The coachman is paid just about the same as the gardener, and his work is considerably lighter and even more pleasant.

THE LORD OF THE RIBBONS.

He possesses an inherent love of horses, for otherwise he would never become a coachman; so in driving through the country, or in twisting his way through the traffic of the city streets, he is simply following a hobby and earning a livelihood at the same time.

The drudgery of his work is done by the stable helpers. He is simply paid to drive and to see to the general fitness of the horses.

From time to time he will be required to advise his employer concerning the merits of an intended purchase, and in the course of years he will have all the satisfaction of looking after horses that have been exclusively recommended by himself.

The coachman in his early days will in most cases be provided with a room above the stable, but the married man may expect a free cottage and coals, and will generally be allowed as many vegetables from the garden as he needs.

The groom in a large establishment has no driving to do. He may occasionally have to ride out with his master or members of his master's family, but the bulk of his work is in the stable and the harness-room.

THE BACHELOR'S MAN.

He aims, of course, at becoming in time a coachman, and he will facilitate the accomplishment of his ambition considerably by studying veterinary science and by making himself as expert as possible in driving.

Perhaps the most desirable job of all in this line is that of coachman-groom to a bachelor in whose establishment there is no other stable servant except one helper. A wealthy man who is playing polo in one part of the country, shooting in another, and race-going in a third will take his groom with him, and the servant will enjoy practically all the amusements of the gentleman without having to pay for them.

In his case, the wages are usually substantial, for it is considered necessary to compensate him for having to travel about so much. At home a cottage or a room may be provided for him, and when away from home his hotel expenses will, of course, be paid by his master.

THE EXPERT IN WINES.

The butler takes precedence of all other servants in the house. He waxes fat on the daintiest morsels; he swells majestically through sampling the wines, for he must keep himself posted up on their quality.

His duties are making other people work, he himself being paid for his eminently respectable appearance and for his supposed experience. His wages are from £1 a week to £2 a week, according to the standing of the family and the number of the servants beneath him.

The gamekeeper lives the life of a country gentleman, gratifying his sporting instincts to the full. His wages differ according to the locality, but most under-keepers receive 14s. a week and most head-keepers about £1 a week. Tips from visitors augment this considerably, and accommodation is generally provided for all keepers, and always for the head one.

What city worker would not change places with him, even for less money?

Of valets, footmen, and chefs I say nothing. Their work appeals more to the foreigner than to the British born. R. SLATER.

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The possession of a copy of the **Musical Budget Annual** will save you many a dull hour. It contains nearly **200 Vocal** and **Instrumental Compositions,** embracing Every Variety of Music. Songs for all Singers, and Instrumental Music for all players, including Pieces for the Pianoforte, American Organ, Violin, Mandoline, Banjo, etc. There is nothing else like it.

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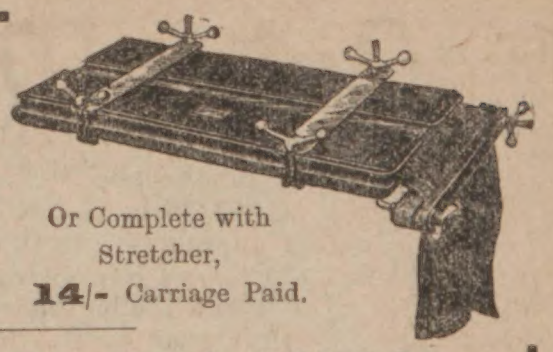

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have organised an interesting competition for readers of "Modern Man" for the best verse of four lines setting forth the numerous merits of their high-class cigarettes.

The senders of the three best verses will receive the following prizes on NEW YEAR'S DAY.

1st PRIZE:—An 18-ct. SOLID GOLD CIGARETTE CASE.
2nd PRIZE:—An 18-ct. SOLID GOLD SOVEREIGN PURSE.
3rd PRIZE:—An 18-ct. SOLID GOLD MATCH BOX.

Prizes on view at all Mappin and Webb's Branches.

All verses sent in become the sole property of J. MILLHOFF & CO., LTD. Consolation Prizes of 10/6 will be awarded to verses of special merit.

A Specimen Box of "DE RESZKÉ'S" will be supplied FREE

to all applicants for particulars of the Competition on receipt of 3d. for postage, etc. The Competition closes on December 26th. The names and verses of prize winners will be published in the "Daily Mail" on New Year's Day. The Editor of "Modern Man" has kindly consented to judge the verses, and his decision must be accepted as final.

J. MILLHOFF & CO., LTD., 17, DOWN STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

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7/6 down secures immediate delivery of the world-famed "ROBEYPHONE" with 20 selections, and massive 17-inch horn, sumptuously hand-painted in six charming tints, which I sell on easy payment terms to suit yourself at HALF shop cash prices.
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2/6. **They offer to give away 100,000 10/6 Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1908 Model, for 2/6 each.** **2/6.**

This Pen is fitted with **14 carat Solid Gold Nib,** iridium pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft and easy writing, and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements.

One of the letters we daily receive: "Please send me THREE MORE PENS; the half-dozen in use are giving every satisfaction to my friends."

THE SELF-FILLING AND SELF-CLEANING PERFECTION FOUNTAIN PEN.

14-CARAT SOLID GOLD.

This Marvellous Self-filling Pen, worth 15/-, is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each.

It is a marvel of Simplicity; it deserves to be popular. It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a fill—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The Massive 14-carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, Medium, Broad, or J points can be had. Is certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is guaranteed, and money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the

Makers: **MYNART & Co., Ltd.** (Dept. H), **71, High Holborn, London,** and acquire this bargain. (Agents wanted.)

ARE YOU A SPORTSMAN?

3/6

Will purchase a pair of **SHIRE DRIVING GLOVES** which adds just that finishing touch to the personal appearance which proclaims the sportsman, without being loud or vulgar. They are strongly made of the finest cape, and an ideal glove for the cold weather; guaranteed to last longer and wear better than any other make on the market at the same price.

Send **3/6** and have a look at them. Then, if you don't like them, send the gloves back (unworn) and we'll return your money by next post.

State your size, and enclose crossed postal order for the amount named, to

THE SHIRE GLOVE COMPANY, 119, Cheapside, London, E.C.

THE Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SLEEVE BUTTONS.

I hope I am not vain, and I don't really think I am, but I must confess to liking a little bit of novelty about my clothes, provided, of course, it is not so pronounced as to be conspicuous.

A friend of mine who has just returned from France has shown me a specially neat little wheeze, which I have had embodied in the finishing of the jacket of my latest lounge suit.

It has this outstanding merit: it doesn't cost anything, but it looks jolly well.

Look at the buttons on the cuff of your sleeve. You observe that they run in a straight line. Well, next time you have a suit made get the tailor to cut the cuff, where it is to be fastened, in a curve. The uppermost button will occupy the same position which it does now, but the one next the edge will come about two inches nearer you—towards the middle of your cuff, in fact, when your sleeve is lying flat.

A curve is longer than a straight line, and consequently you need about four buttons to decorate it.

I hope you understand what I mean. Anyhow your tailor will if you show him this, and I can assure you that the effect is very pleasing.

FELT HAT RENOVATING.

At the end of three months' wear a black felt hat begins to show incipient signs of shabbiness. It can be given a fresh lease of life in the following simple manner: Make a weak solution of ammonia with warm water and sponge the hat carefully all over with this. Be careful not to wet it more than you can help, and while it is drying brush it from time to time, always the way of the nap.

The ammonia seems to revive the colour of the felt and to extract lingering particles of grey dust.

It is generally the binding of a felt hat that gives out first, and this is a matter for prevention rather than cure. The binding would last as long as the felt if the brushing were done carefully. The majority of men allow the back of the brush to come into violent contact with the edge of the binding when they give their headgear its morning grooming. Treatment of this sort inevitably cuts the riband, which is composed largely of silk, and is consequently none too strong.

The right brush for a felt hat is one with long soft bristles; they don't rub the felt too hard, and their length keeps the wooden back from scratching the brim.

SQUEAKING BOOTS.

A boot squeaks when the inner sole rubs against the outer, and there are several ways of remedying this complaint. One generally advocated is that of having a few tacks put in by your shoemaker down the centre of the sole, so that the two pieces of leather will thus be fixed securely together and friction will become impossible.

Experience has shown me, however, that tacks in the centre of a sole have a great tendency to tear the leather and make it give way long before it ought to do so.

I should therefore advocate placing the boots in a basin over night, with just enough water to reach almost to the top of the soles.

That is the simplest plan, but it is even better to rub the soles with oil from time to time until the creaking ceases.

THE DINNER JACKET.

Correspondents ask me from time to time when a dinner jacket ought to be worn, and whether I consider it an indispensable part of the wardrobe of a well-dressed man.

I should say that no man requires a dinner jacket at all unless he is in the habit of dressing for dinner at home. Dining with one's family, or attending a smoking concert, one may wear a dinner jacket without fear of doing the wrong thing. But the tail coat is always safe.

It is never wrong when a dinner jacket might be worn, but the dinner jacket would often be wrong when the tail coat would be perfectly correct.

You do not see dinner jackets in the fashionable London restaurants, and you seldom find them in those parts of the theatres where the patrons wear evening clothes.

Not very long ago I saw a man wearing a dinner jacket at a dance, but he looked conspicuous and out of place.

A dinner jacket with an evening dress shirt always reminds me of a man wearing a tall hat with a lounge suit. There seems to be something inconsistent about it, but I suppose I must acknowledge that I have a prejudice against the dinner jacket.

I suppose we all have our personal dislikes.

One hears occasional complaints of guests being mistaken for waiters, and it seems to me that the dinner jacket would afford an excellent remedy for this evil. Let the garment be made the hall-mark of the waiter. I do not think that the man of fashion would lose much by handing it over to him.

WINTER CYCLING TOGS.

The sickle-backed cyclist with his grey sweater, his hideous shoes and his low handlebars, is not much seen in winter. The state of the roads makes it impossible to ride without mudguards, and to have such things fitted to his machine would be seriously to injure his standing in his own eyes. So he sells or stores his bicycle, and leaves the highways to those who take their pleasure at a moderate pace on a sensible roadster. To them let me offer the fruits of my experience in the matter of clothing.

While I do not advocate loading oneself with too many clothes at any time, I would point out that winter cycling can be uncommonly cold, especially when there are a good many hills to free-wheel down. Wear, therefore, either a thick woollen undervest or a sweater; the latter, by the way, may easily be worn under the shirt if you cut its collar off—this for those who want to show their linen. Worsted gloves are amongst the best, for they don't feel nasty to the fingers when they get wet.

LEGGINGS FOR CYCLING.

Personally I like to cycle in breeches and gaiters at all times; they keep out the dust in summer and the mud in winter. There is, I know, a prevalent belief that the bottom of the legging interferes with the free bending of your ankle, but this does not hold true with leggings that have been properly made, for they just cover the top of the boot and do not press on the instep at all even when the foot is bent upward.

Breeches that are too tight at the knee will not be comfortable to cycle in, but a pair that are right for horse-riding will be found right for bike-riding as well.

A good cape is an obvious necessity, but it takes some selecting. The thickness of the material has nothing to do with its rain-resisting qualities, and I should recommend one as thin as possible so that it may be rolled up into small bulk.

Be sure the proofing is good; the safest plan is to pay a fairly high price, for it comes cheaper in the end. Have your cape as large as possible so that you can put it well over your handlebars; those with short fronts keep blowing back and delivering their cargo of rain water into your lap.

HIGHER HEELS.

In reference to a paragraph which recently appeared on this page, a Highbury correspondent sends me a novel suggestion.

"I am glad," he writes, "that you stick up for rubber heels, for it is by thus adding to the height of the heels that boots are made to look smarter, and I hope the day is not far distant when we shall see a revival of men's high-heeled footwear—not of the ladies' shape, with a waist to them, but of the Cuban species, as worn by cowboys and by our own cavalrymen on their Wellingtons."

BOOTS OF TO-MORROW.

I think my correspondent is slightly in error. The fact that all Wellingtons are made with a higher heel than usual, certainly adds something to their smartness, but I think the main reason why these boots look well is because of the plain front. There is no breaking up for lacing and no toe-caps.

That Wellingtons do look well is an indisputable fact; it is his footwear more than anything else that makes the cavalryman look smarter than his comrade of the line.

Our bootmakers have been hunting about for a long time for novelties in the matter of boots and shoes, and I think that here they have something worth their attention. All new fashions are but revivals and adaptations of something older. Why not revive the custom of wearing Wellingtons beneath our trousers the same as our forefathers did?

The new boots would have to be sold at a moderate price, but I believe they would pay the man who exploited them, for I think they would catch on.

Elastic-sided boots have failed lamentably, because they are but imitation Wellingtons, and imitations never succeed for long. The real thing would be another matter, and I think the general public would cotton to it if once the fashion were set. Personally I don't think there is a more comfortable boot than a good-fitting Wellington, and you don't have any bother fastening it.

HANDKERCHIEF STAINS.

Handkerchiefs have to bear the brunt of accidents to other parts of our attire. If we are so unfortunate as to drop ink on our coat sleeves, we immediately mop it up with our handkerchiefs before it has time to sink into the cloth.

From such causes and others we accumulate in the course of time a number of handkerchiefs which, though perfectly whole, have been thrown out of service because they are marked with ink, iron or fruit stains.

I learnt recently a very simple method by which such stains may be removed from linen, and I shall divulge it for the benefit of my readers.

Let the handkerchiefs be placed in a bowl of milk and let the bowl be set aside till the milk is thoroughly sour. Twenty-four hours after the milk is curdled, the handkerchiefs may be removed and washed.

All stains will come out, for the combination of acid and fat in the sour milk will have effectively loosened them.

PACKING CLOTHES.

It will pay you to observe these few tips when next you pack your Gladstone bag. In stowing away trousers never fold them into less than a third of the length. Lay them flat, with the creases at the right place, then fold them at the fork and at the knee.

In folding a jacket, turn up the collar first. If it happens to be pressed in this position the creasing is less likely to be serious. A tailor lays down a jacket cloth side upwards, folds the sleeves in two, bringing the cuffs up to the shoulder, then folds the coat in shoulder to shoulder, and finally doubles it at the waist.

In folding a vest avoid creasing it at the waist, where wrinkles are too apt to appear of their own accord.

Unpack the trunk as soon as you can.

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BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

THE GREAT BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC AND RESTORATIVE—SAFE AND SPEEDY.

A sustaining and life-giving element remarkable in its powers of curing and relieving all the Brain and Nervous Affections individually known as

Headache	Nervousness	Neurasthenia	Neuralgia	Hysteria
Insomnia or	Irritability	Morbid Forebodings	Dizziness	Despondency or
Sleeplessness	Nervous Palpitations	Faintness	Trembling	Depression and
Brain Fag	Nervous Indigestion	Melancholia	Restlessness	General Brain and
Lassitude	Loss of Memory	Inability to Concentrate the Mind	Moroseness	Nerve Exhaustion.
Vague Fears	Neuritis		Nervous Debility	

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.

WHY THE BRAIN AND NERVES NEED PHOSPHORUS.

THE Physiologist tells us that every man, woman and child, with all their peculiarities of form and heredity, is composed of so much of one element and so much of another, and that when any one constituent falls below the normal standard serious complications ensue.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, whose chief seat or situation is in the Brain, is one of the most important elements contained in our bodies. Without Free Phosphorus there can be no thought, and very probably no life.

One thing is proved beyond doubt—that the degree of intellectual thought depends upon the amount of Free Phosphorus in the brain, and just as the Phosphorus is unduly wasted, so does the brain power weaken.

The action of Phosphorus in the human system may be briefly stated as the element of activity in the brain and nervous system. As the muscular and body structures require gelatine, fibrine, and earthy matter for their support and sustenance, so does the brain require the one element—Phosphorus—for its renewal and preservation. If the expenditure of nervous force exceeds its normal amount, the store of Phosphorus is diminished, and until its deficiency is made good vital action languishes; the brain and the whole of the bodily organs act with a waning vigour.

One of the ugliest features of our complex civilisation is the alarming prevalence of what is styled "Nervous breakdown."

Its causes are only too well known; but only recently has the full import of the part Free Phosphorus plays come to be recognised. The habits, occupation, incessant worry, late hours, and unnatural modes of living, which seem to follow civilisation, have the effect of depleting the human system of its necessary supply of Phosphorus.

The more immediate results are the loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, flatulence, dizziness, sick headaches, failure of physical and mental vigour, sleeplessness, distressing sense of weight and fulness in the stomach, all of which are known as dyspepsia and liver complaints.

FREE PHOSPHORUS, IT IS THUS SHOWN, MUST BE THE SAVING AGENT—NO OTHER MEANS IS POSSIBLE. THIS ONE ELEMENT MUST BE REPLACED.

The Physician's usual order to abstain from business, to get away from all sources of worry, rarely accomplishes what it is intended to do, as thousands know only too well; and again, few are in such a position that their means, their business, or other ties will allow of a lengthened relaxation.

Previous to the introduction by the late Dr. Samuel Birley of an improved process of manufacture, there were serious difficulties in the way of administering Phosphorus so that it would remain in perfect solution in the system, and reach the brain and nerve tissues that alone were in need of it. Himself convinced of the absolute necessity of Phosphorus for the human system, he experimented in every possible way—in the various forms hitherto known to medical science; but he found, in common with others, that the Phosphorus prepared in these forms was not under perfect control. It did not assimilate satisfactorily, and had many drawbacks. His exhaustive experiments ultimately resulted in a discovery—one that rendered the Phosphorus easy of manipulation, and such that the human system would greedily take up. It was rendered absolutely soluble in the blood, and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way. It could pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the brain and nervous system.

Cases of every class have been treated with this new form of Phosphorus. The prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable in every position in life, have been gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described is known as Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus.

WEEK'S SUPPLY. FREE WEEK'S SUPPLY.

The Proprietors offer a Bottle Gratis to every person who has not hitherto tried Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, on the condition that they will under no circumstances make a second application for such.

The Trial Bottle we offer is a generous sized one, and contains a week's supply. We charge nothing whatever for the sample itself, but, as it weighs over half a pound (packed), it costs 3d. to send by parcel post, and we ask you to stand this small item of expense. No charge if called for.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers—

GORDON, MURRAY & CO., Ltd.,

10, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

To GORDON, MURRAY & CO., Ltd.,
10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

SIRS,—Please send me a TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS (containing a week's supply) of Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, also 24-paged pamphlet. Enclosed are three penny stamps, to cover Parcel Postage. I promise never to make a second application for a Trial Bottle, either directly or through any third party.

Signature and Address .....

D.X.2. .....

.....

These Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

NEW AND WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!

Now is the Best Season of the Year for the Quick and Lasting Cure of Lack of Energy, Rheumatism, Gout, and all Kinds of Nervous Troubles.

No ailments of the human body have baffled the efforts of medical science so much as Lack of Energy, Nervous and Rheumatic Troubles. Indeed, there can be no doubt that they are largely on the increase at the present time. This would surely not be the case if the old medicines and methods had proved even partly successful as cures.

Drugs have absolutely failed, as sufferers from lack of energy, nervous and rheumatic troubles know to their bitter cost.

Doctors, scientists, and wealthy sufferers now know that the most successful method is that of Galvano-Electricity. Doctors recommend it to all their patients who are able to spare the time and money for this form of treatment. That such treatment is temporarily successful there is no doubt, but the benefit is so short-lived, and the patient must take the treatment at frequent intervals, involving constantly recurring expense and inconvenience.

The problem before the medical scientists was how to get rid of these drawbacks, and it will be of great interest to readers to have the following particulars of the discovery at last of a method of perfecting the hitherto only partly-successful Galvano-Electric Treatment so as to make it:

1. *Inexpensive,*
2. *Continuous, and*
3. *Permanently Curative.*

The inventor has named his discovery of the "GALVOPADS" after Galvani, the famous scientist who discovered Galvanism, or Galvanic Electricity. This Galvanic current has been proved by scientists to be the form of energy most akin to what is known as "Animal (human) Electricity." It is the lack of this human electricity that gives rise to such distressing health conditions as

LOSS OF VIGOUR	RHEUMATISM
NEURASTHENIA	GOUT
SLEEPLESSNESS	SCIATICA
LASSITUDE	LUMBAGO
DEPRESSION	NEURALGIA

If you are a sufferer from any of the above you do not need to be informed that you feel the lack of this subtle element of life, this "something" that is responsible for the moving of the wheels of your life. You are rarely, or never, without the haunting feeling of the "something lacking" in your constitution.

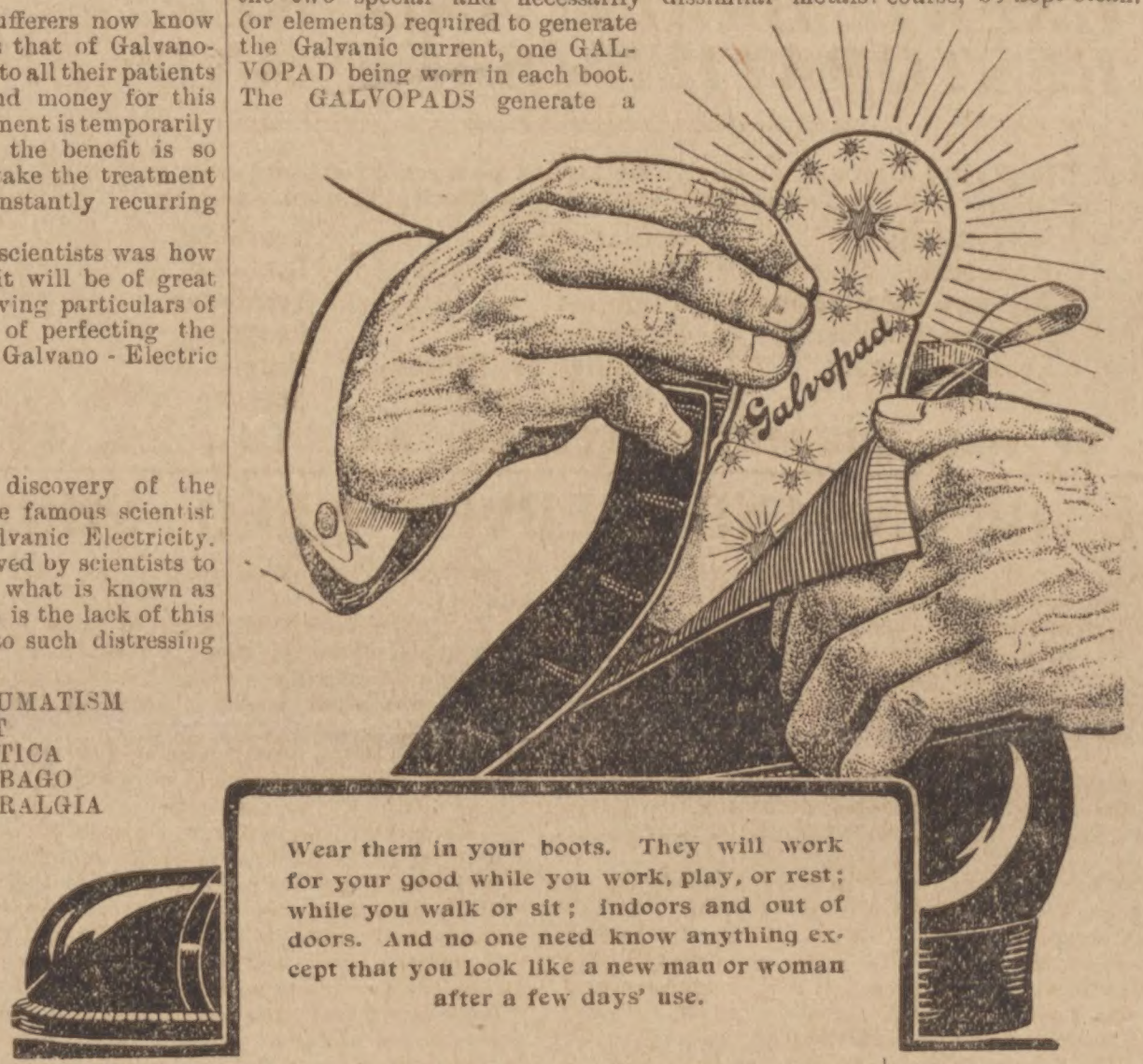
Try to imagine, then, the importance of this important discovery of the GALVOPAD method of imparting new energy to your sluggish system. You also do not need to be informed that by supplying your weakened system with the lacking force of life, the *cure* of your Rheumatism, or Loss of Vigour, or other condition of your ill-health, must follow as a matter of course.

This, however, is precisely the improvement that is brought about in yourself by wearing a pair of the GALVOPADS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GALVOPADS.

The reader may at this stage wish for information as to the construction of the GALVOPADS. They are scientifically designed Galvanic batteries (worn as socks in the boots or shoes), constructed on the well-known principle discovered by Volta, who invented what is known as the Voltaic Battery. The GALVOPADS are in the form of a series of metal plates shaped to the feet, and are worn between the insole of the boots (or shoes) and the socks (or stockings).

The GALVOPAD batteries are manufactured from the two special and necessarily dissimilar metals (or elements) required to generate the Galvanic current, one GALVOPAD being worn in each boot. The GALVOPADS generate a mild and—what is most important—*continuous* Galvanic current that circulates upwards throughout the network of nerves of your body. *No shock is felt*, only an exceedingly pleasant warming sensation permeating your whole body is experienced. This is caused by your sluggish life fluid being quickened, and the increased blood pressure bathing every part of your body with warmer and richer blood. Thus every organ in your body is awakened, nourished, and strengthened to do its proper share of work easily and perfectly. Thus your body, by the greater activity and efficiency of the eliminating organs, is freed from the body-wastes that poison your system and cause Rheumatic and Nervous complaints.



Wear them in your boots. They will work for your good while you work, play, or rest; while you walk or sit; indoors and out of doors. And no one need know anything except that you look like a new man or woman after a few days' use.

The GALVOPADS are worn without the slightest discomfort when walking, and, in addition to their wonderful curative properties they act as a safeguard against the danger of damp feet.

Within from three to ten days (according to the amount of poison in your system) the GALVOPADS will show deposit evidence of the poisonous uric acid being withdrawn from your body via the sweat-pores of the feet. (The GALVOPADS must, of course, be kept clean. This can easily be done with some metal cleaning powder.)

The GALVOPADS, however, do not merely secure the deposit of what is only a small portion of the body poisons: a much larger amount of the Rheumatic and Nerve poisons is got rid of via the natural outlets of the breath, the pores of the skin, the bowels and the kidneys. The deposit on the GALVOPADS is only the visual evidence that their good influence is at work on your behalf. More welcome and gratifying evidence of the curative effects of the GALVOPADS is your ever-increasing sense of all-round health improvement. The Rheumatic Pains rapidly die away. The Nervous Irritation or Sensitiveness fades away like a bad dream. The mind becomes clear and bright. The body feels lightened of the load of its former poisons. Work becomes a pleasant duty instead of a slavish burden

This may sound too good to be true, especially when the low price (5s. a pair, two pairs 9s.) of the GALVOPADS is taken into consideration. It is true that a higher price might well have been put on them. *The inventor, however, stipulated that the GALVOPADS be sold at as low a price as possible, in order that the price alone should not stand in the way of every reader benefiting by their use.* That, in brief, is the reason of the low price of 5s. the set.

With so low a price to pay, can you neglect to do yourself so much good at such small cost? Send a cheque, money or postal order to-day, and the day after to-morrow you will receive the set of GALVOPADS with full instructions. Your money will be returned to you in full after a month's trial if by that time you can truly say you have not derived benefit worth a hundred times more than the small sum of 5s.

The set of GALVOPADS will be sent in plain wrapper, with full instructions, by return post, on receipt of your order (state whether for Gent or Lady) and remittance (postal order) addressed to the GALVOPAD CO., Fleet House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

To the GALVOPAD CO.,
Fleet House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Please forward A Set of GALVOPADS, carriage free, to the name and address as below.
I enclose Five Shillings in payment.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

"M. M.," Dec. 19, 1908.] Please write distinctly and say whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.